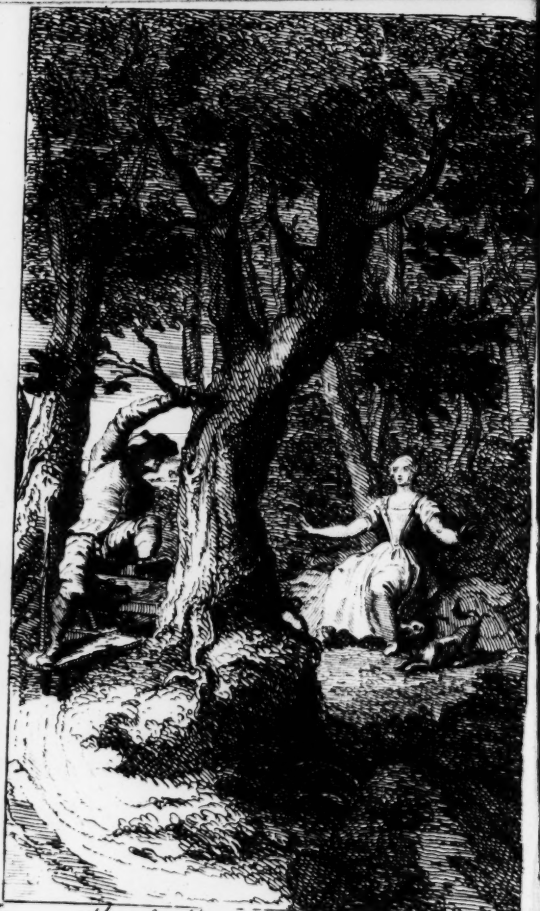
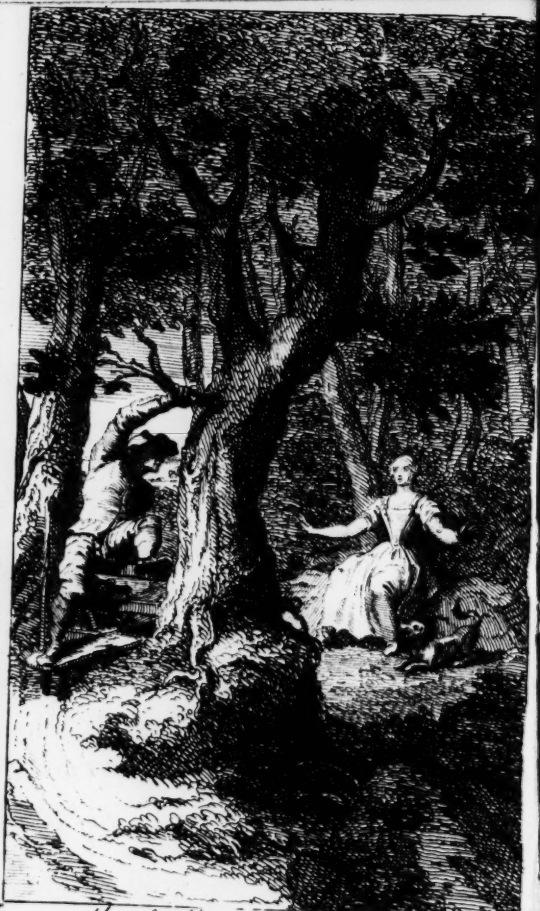


the Spell. *Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.*



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THE GARLAND of GOOD-WILL.

The First Part.

Percy. V. 2

I. *The Death of Fair* Roſamond. *To the Tune of* Flying Fame.

HEN as King *Henry* rul'd this Land
the Second of that Name,
Beſides the Queen he dearly lov'd
a fair and Princely Dame;
Moſt peerleſs was her Beauty found,
her Favour and her Face,
A ſweeter Creature in this World,
did never Prince embrace.
Her criſped Locks like Threads of Gold,
appear'd to each Man's ſight;
Her comely Eyes like orient Pearls,
did caſt a heavenly Light;
The blood within her cryſtal Cheeks,
did ſuch a colour drive,
As if the Lilly and the Roſe
for Maſterſhip did ſtrive:
Yea, *Roſamond*, fair *Roſamond*,
her Name was called ſo,
To whom Dame *Eleanor* our Queen,
was known a mortal Foe.
The King therefore for her Defence,
againſt this furious Queen,
At *Woodſtock* builded ſuch a Bower,
the like was never ſeen.

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More curiously this Bower was built,
with Stone and Timber ſtrong,
An hundred and fifty Doors
did to this Bower belong;
And they ſo cunningly contriv'd,
with Turnings round about,
That none but with a Clew of Thread
could enter in or out.
And for his Love and Lady's ſake,
that was ſo fair and bright,
The keeping of this Bower he gave
unto a worthy Knight:
But Fortune that doth often frown,
where ſhe before did ſmile,
The King's Delight and Lady's Joy,
full ſoon ſhe did beguile:
For why, the King's ungracious Son,
whom he did high advance,
Againſt his Father raiſed Wars
within the Realm of *France*.
And yet before our comely King
the Engliſh Land forſook.
Of *Roſamond* that Lady fair,
his laſt Farewell he took:
O *Roſamond*, the only Roſe
that pleaſeth beſt mine Eye,
The faireſt Roſe in all the World
to feed my Fantaſie;
The Flower of mine affected Heart,
whoſe Sweetneſs doth excel
My Royal Roſe, a thouſand Times,
I bid thee now farewel.
For I muſt leave my famous Flower,
my ſweeteſt Roſe a ſpace,
And croſs the Seas to famous *France*,
proud Rebels to abaſe:
But yet my Roſe be ſure thou ſhalt
my coming ſhortly ſee;

And in my Heart while hence I am
I'll bear my Roſe with me.
When *Roſamond*, the Lady fair,
did hear the King ſay ſo,
The Sorrows of her grieved Heart,
her outward Looks did ſhow;
And from her clear and chryſtal Eyes,
Tears guſhed out apace,
Which, like the ſilver pearled Dew,
ran down her comely Face:
Her Lips like to the Coral red,
did wax both wan and pale;
And for the Sorrow ſhe conceiv'd,
her vital Spirits did fail;
And falling down all in a Swoon,
before King *Henry*'s Face;
Full oft within his Princely Arms,
her Body he did embrace:
And Twenty Times with watry Eyes,
he kiſt her tender Cheek,
Until he had revi'vd again
her Senſes mild and meek:
Why grieves, my Roſe, my ſweeteſt Roſe?
the King did often ſay:
Becauſe, quoth ſhe, to bloody Wars
my Lord muſt part away.
But ſince your Grace, in foreign Coaſts,
among your Foes unkind,
Muſt go to hazard Life and Limb,
why ſhould I ſtay behind?
Nay, rather let me, like a Page,
your Sword and Target bear,
That on my Breaſt the Blow may light,
that ſhould offend you there.
O let me in your Royal Tent
prepare your Bed at Night,
And with ſweet Bathes refreſh your Grace,
at your Return from Fight;

So I your Preſence may enjoy;
no Toil I will refuſe;
But wanting you my Life is Death,
which doth true Love abuſe.
Content thy ſelf, my deareſt Love,
thy Reſt at Home ſhall be,
In *England*'s ſweet and pleaſant Soil,
for Travel fits not thee:
Fair Ladies brook not bloody Wars,
ſweet Peace their Pleaſures breed,
The Nouriſher of Heart's Content,
which Fancy fiſt did feed.
My Roſe ſhall reſt in *Woodſtock*-Bower,
with Muſick, ſweet Delight,
While I among the piercing Pikes,
againſt my Foes do fight;
My Roſe in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the Galliard of my Love,
while I my Foes do ſmite.
And you Sir *Thomas* whom I truſt
to be my Love's Defence,
Be careful of my Royal Roſe,
when I am parted hence:
And therewithal he fetcht a Sigh,
as tho' his Heart would break;
And *Roſamond* for very Grief
not one plain Word could ſpeak.
And at their parting well they might,
in Heart be grieved ſore,
After that Day fair *Roſamond*
the King did ſee no more:
And when his Grace had paſt the Seas,
and into *France* was gone,
Queen *Eleanor*, with envious Heart,
to *Woodſtock* came anon:
And forth ſhe call'd this truſty Knight,
who kept this curious Bower;

Who

Who, with this Clew of twined Thread,
came from this famous Flower;
And when that ſhe had wounded him,
the Queen his Thread did get,
And went where Lady *Roſamond*,
was like an Angel ſet.
But when the Queen with ſtedfaſt Eye,
beheld her heavenly Face,
She was amazed in her Mind,
at her exceeding Grace:
Caſt off thy Robes from thee, ſhe ſaid,
that rich and coſtly be,
And drink thou up this deadly Draught,
which I have brought for thee.
But preſently upon her Knee,
ſweet *Roſamond* did fall,
And Pardon of the Queen ſhe crav'd,
for her Offences all:
Take pity on my youthful Years,
fair *Roſamond* did cry,
And let me not with Poiſon ſtrong
enforced be to die:
I will renounce this ſinful Life,
and in a Cloyſter 'bide;
Or elſe be baniſht, if you pleaſe,
to range the World ſo wide:
And for that Fault which I have done,
tho' I was forc'd thereto,
Preſerve my Life and puniſh me
as you think good to do.
And with theſe Words her lilly Hands
ſhe rung full often there;
And down along her comely Face
proceeded many a Tear:
But nothing could this furious Queen
therewith appeaſed be,
The Cup of deadly Poyſon fill'd,
as ſhe ſat on her Knee,

She gave this comely Dame to drink;
who took it in her Hand,
And from her bended Knee aroſe,
and on her Feet did ſtand:
And caſting up her Eyes to Heaven,
ſhe did for Mercy call:
And drinking up the Poiſon ſtrong,
her Life ſhe loſt withal.
And when that Death thro' every Limb,
had done her greateſt Spite,
Her chiefeſt Foes did plain confeſs,
ſhe was a glorious Wight;
Her Body then they did entomb,
when Life was fled away,
At *Woodſtock*, near to *Oxford* Town,
as may be ſeen this Day.

II. *The Lamentation of* Shore's *Wife.*

To the Tune of The Hunt is up.

LIſten, fair LADIES,
unto my Miſery,
That lived late in Pomp and State,
moſt delightfully;
And now to Fortune's fair Diſſimulation,
Brought in cruel and uncouth Plagues,
moſt piteouſly,
Shore's Wife I am,
So known by Name,
And at the *Flower-de-luce* in *Cheapſide*,
was my Dwelling.
The only Daughter of a wealthy Merchant-man,
Againſt whoſe Counſel evermore,
I was rebelling.
Young was I loved,
No Action moved
My Heart or Mind, to give or yield
to their conſenting.

My Parents thinking ſtrictly for to wed me,
Forcing me to take that which cauſed
my repenting:
Then being wedded,
I was quickly tempted,
My Beauty cauſed many Gallants
to ſalute me:
The King commanded, I ſtrait obeyed,
For his chiefeſt Jewel then
he did repute me.
Bravely was I trained,
Like a Queen I reigned,
And poor Mens Suits
by me was obtained:
In all the Court, to none was ſuch great Reſort,
As unto me, though now in Scorn
I be diſdained.
When the King died,
My Grief was tryed,
From the Court I was expelled
with Deſpight:
The D. of *Glocester* being Lord Protector,
Took away my Goods againſt
all Law and Right.
And a Proceſſion,
For my Tranſgreſſion,
Bare-footed he made me go:
for to ſhame me,
A Croſs before me there was carried plainly,
As a Pennance to my former Life,
for to tame me.
Then thro' *London*
Being thus undone,
The Lord Protector publiſhed
a Proclamation,
On Pain of Death, I ſhould not be harbour'd,
Which furthermore encreas'd my Sorrow
and Vexation.

I that had Plenty,
And Diſhes dainty,
Moſt ſumptuouſly brought to my Board,
at my Pleaſure;
Being full poor, from Door to Door,
I beg my Bread with Clack and Diſh,
at my Leiſure.
My rich Attire,
By Fortune's Ire,
To rotten Rags and Nakedneſs
they are beaten:
My Body ſoft, which the King embrac'd oft,
With Vermine vile annoy'd,
and eat on.
On Stalls and Stones
Did lie my Bones,
That wonted was in Bed of Down
to be plac'd:
And you ſee, my fineſt Pillows be
Of ſtinking Straw, with Dirt and Dung,
thus diſgrac'd.
Wherefore fair Ladies,
With your ſweet Babies,
My grievous Fall bear in your Mind,
and behold me,
How ſtrange a thing, that the Love of a King
Should come to die under a Stall,
as I told ye.

III. *A Song of K.* Edgar, *ſhewing how he was deceived of his Love*, &c. *To the Tune of* Labanduliſhor.

WHenas King *Edgar* did govern this Land,
adown, adown, down, down, down,
And in the ſtrength of his Years he did ſtand,
call him down a:
Such Praiſe was ſpread of a gallant Dame,
Which did thro' *England* carry great Fame,

And ſhe a Lady of high Degree,
The Earl of *Devonſhire*'s Daughter was ſhe.
The King which lately had bury'd the Queen,
And not long Time a Widower been,
Hearing this Praiſe of a gallant Maid,
Upon her Beauty his Love he laid:
And in his Mind he would often ſay,
I will ſend for that Lady gay;
Yea, I will ſend for this Lady bright,
Which is my Treaſure and Delight,
Whoſe Beauty, like to *Phœbus* Beams,
Doth glitter through all Chriſtian Realms.
Then to himſelf he would reply,
Saying, How fond a Prince am I,
To caſt my Love ſo baſe and low,
Upon a Girl I do not know?
King *Edgar* will his Fancy frame
To love ſome Peerleſs Princely Dame,
The Daughter of a Royal King,
That may a dainty Dowry bring:
Whoſe matchleſs Beauty brought in place,
May *Eſtrild*'s Colour clean diſgrace.
But ſenſeleſs Man, what do I mean,
Upon a broken Reed to lean?
Or what fond Fury did me move,
Thus to abuſe my deareſt Love?
Whoſe Viſage grac'd with heavenly hue,
Doth *Hellen*'s Honour quite ſubdue,
The Glory of her beauteous Pride,
Sweet *Eſtrild*'s Father doth deride:
Then pardon my unſeemly Speech,
Dear Love and Lady, I beſeech:
For I my Thoughts will henceforth frame,
To ſpread the Honour of thy Name.
Then unto him he call'd a Knight,
Which was moſt truſty in his ſight,
And unto him thus did he ſay,
To Earl *Orgator* go thy way, Where

Where ask for *Eſtrild*, comely Dame,
Whoſe Beauty went ſo far by Fame:
And if you find her comely Grace,
As Fame did ſpread in every Place;
Then tell her Father, ſhe ſhall be
My crowned Queen, if ſhe agree.
The Knight in Meſſage did proceed,
And into *Devonſhire* went with ſpeed:
But when he ſaw the Lady bright,
He was ſo raviſht at her Sight,
That nothing could his Paſſion move,
Except he might obtain her Love;
For Day and Night while there he ſtaid,
He courted ſtill this Peerleſs Maid,
And in his Suit he ſhew'd ſuch Skill,
That at the length he gain'd her Good-will;
Forgetting quite the Duty tho',
Which he unto the King did owe.
Then coming home unto his Grace,
He told him with diſſembling Face,
That thoſe Reports were too blame,
That ſo advanc'd the Maiden's Name:
For I aſſure your Grace, ſaid he,
She is as other Women be;
Her Beauty of ſuch great Report,
No better than the common ſort,
And far unmeet in every Thing,
To match with ſuch a noble King:
But tho' her Face be nothing fair,
Yet ſith ſhe is her Father's Heir,
Perhaps ſome Lord of high Degree,
Would very fain her Husband be;
Then if your Grace would give Conſent,
I would my ſelf be well-content,
The Damſel for my Wife to take,
For her great Lands and Livings ſake.
The King (whom thus he did deceive)
nconrinent did give him Leave; For

For on that point he did not ſtand,
For why? he had not need of Land.
Then being glad, he went away,
And wedded ſtraight this Lady gay:
The faireſt Creature bearing Life,
Had this falſe Knight unto his Wife,
And by that Match of high Degree,
An Earl ſoon after that was he.
E'er he long time had married been,
That many had her Beauty ſeen;
Her praiſe was ſpread both far and near;
The King again thereof did hear;
Who then in heart did plainly prove,
He was betrayed of his Love;
Though therefore he was vexed ſore,
Yet ſeem'd he not to grieve therefore;
But kept his Countenance good and kind,
As tho' he bear no Grudge in Mind.
But on a Day it came to paſs,
When as the King full merry was,
To *Ethelwood* in ſport he ſaid,
I muſe what chear there ſhould be made,
If to thy Houſe I ſhould reſort
A Night or two for Princely Sport?
Hereat the Earl ſhew'd Countenance glad,
Though in his Heart he was full ſad:
Saying, Your Grace ſhall welcome be,
If ſo your Grace will honour me.
Then as the Day appointed was,
Before the King did thither paſs,
The Earl before hand did prepare
The King's coming to declare;
And with a Countenance paſſing grim,
He call'd his Lady unto him.
Saying with ſad and heavy chear,
I pray you when the King comes here,
Sweet Lady, as you tender me,
Let your Attire but homely be; Nor

Nor wash not thou thy Angel's Face,
But so thy Beauty clean disgrace;
Thereto thy Gesture so apply,
It may seem loathsome to the Eye:
For if the King should there behold,
Thy glorious Beauty so extoll'd,
Then shall my Life soon shortned be,
For my Deserts and Treachery:
When to thy Father first I came,
Tho' I did not declare the same,
Yet was I put in Trust to bring
The joyful Tydings to the King
Who for thy glorious Beauty seen,
Did think of thee to make his Queen:
But when I had thy Person found,
Thy Beauty gave me such a Wound,
No Rest nor Comfort could I take,
Till you, sweet Love, my Grief did slake;
And tho' that Duty charged me,
Most faithful to my Lord to be;
Yet Love upon the other side,
Bid for my self I should provide:
Then for my Suit and Service shown,
At length I won you for my own;
And for my Love in Wedlock spent,
Your Choice you need no whit repent
Then since my Grief I have expresst
Sweet Lady, grant me my Request.;
Good Words she gave with smiling chear,
Musing of that which she did hear;
And casting many Things in Mind,
Great Fault therewith she seem'd to find;
But in her self she thought it Shame,
To make that foul which God did frame.
Most costly Robes full rich therefore,
In bravest Sort that Day she wore,
Doing all that e'er she might,
To set her Beauty forth to sight:

And her beſt skill in every Thing,
She ſhew'd to entertain the King.
Wherefore the King ſo 'ſnared was,
That Reaſon quite from him did paſs:
His Heart by her was ſet on Fire,
He had to her a great Deſire;
And for the Looks he gave her then,
For every Look ſhe ſhew'd him ten.
Wherefore the King perceived plain,
His Love and Looks were not in vain.
Upon a time it chanced ſo,
The King he would a hunting go;
And as they through a Wood did ride,
The Earl on Horſe-back by his ſide:
For ſo the Story telleth plain,
That with a Shaft the Earl was ſlain:
So that when he had loſt his Life,
He took the Lady unto Wife,
Who married her, all harm to ſhun,
By whom he did beget a Son.
Thus he that did the King deceive,
Did by Deſert his Death receive:
Then to conclude and make an end,
Be true and faithful to thy Friend.

IV. *How* Coventry *was made Free by* Godina, *Counteſs of* Cheſter. *To the Tune of* Prince *Arthur* died at *Ludlow*, &c.

Leofricus, that noble Earl
of *Cheſter*, as I read,
Did for the City of *Coventry*
many a noble Deed:
Great Privileges for the Town
this Nobleman did get;
And of all Things did make it ſo,
that they Toll free did ſit:

Save

Save only that for Horſes ſtill
they did ſome Cuſtom pay,
Which was great Charges to the Town,
full long and many a Day:
Wherefore his Wife *Godina* fair,
did of the Earl requeſt,
That therefore he would make it free,
as well as all the reſt.
So when ſhe long had ſued,
her Purpoſe to obtain,
Her noble Lord at length ſhe took
within a pleaſant Vein;
And unto him with ſmiling Chear,
ſhe did forthwith proceed,
Entreating greatly that he would
perform that goodly Deed.
You move me much, my Fair, quoth he,
your Suit I fain would ſhun;
But what will you perform and do,
to have this matter done?
Why any thing, my Lord, (quoth ſhe)
you will with Reaſon crave;
I will perform it with good Will,
if I my Wiſh might have,
If thou wilt grant the Thing, he ſaid,
what I ſhall now require,
As ſoon as it is finiſhed,
thou ſhalt have thy Deſire.
Command what you think good, my Lord,
I will thereto agree,
On this Condition, That the Town
for ever may be free.
If thou thy Cloaths ſtrip off,
and here lay them down,
And at Noon-day on Horſe-back ride,
ſtark naked through the Town,
They ſhall be free for evermore;
if thou wilt not do ſo,

More

More Liberty than now they have,
I never will beſtow.
The Lady at this ſtrange Demand,
was much abaſht in mind;
And yet for to fulfill this Thing,
ſhe never a-whit repin'd:
Wherefore unto all Officers
of the Town ſhe ſent,
That they perceiving her good Will,
which for the Weal was bent;
That on the Day that ſhe ſhould ride,
all Perſons through the Town,
Should keep their Houſes, ſhut their Doors,
and clap their Windows down;
So that no Creature, young or old,
ſhould in the Streets be ſeen,
'Till ſhe had ridden all about,
throughout the City clean:
And when the Day of riding came,
no Perſon did her ſee,
Saving her Lord; after which time,
the Town was ever free.

V. *Of the Duke of* Cornwal's *Daughter. To the Tune of,* In *Greece.*

WHEN *Humber* in his wrathful Rage,
King *Athanack* in Field had ſlain,
Whoſe bloody Broils to aſſwage,
King *Locrin* then apply'd his Pain;
And with a Hoſt of Britains ſtout,
At length he found King *Humber* out:
At Vantage great he met him then,
and with his Hoſt beſet him ſo,
That he deſtroyed his warlike Men,
and *Humber*'s Power did overthrow,
And *Humber* which for Fear did fly,
leapt into a River deſperately;

And being drowned in the deep;
he left a Lady there alive,
Which ſadly did lament and weep;
for fear they ſhould her Life deprive.
But by her Face that was ſo fair,
The King was caught in *Cupid*'s Snare:
He took this Lady to his Love,
who ſecretly did keep it ſtill,
So that the Queen did quickly prove,
the King did bear her much Good-will;
Which though by Wedlock late begun,
He had by her a gallant Son.
Queen *Guendoline* was griev'd in mind,
to ſee the King was altered ſo,
At length the cauſe ſhe chanc'd to find,
which brought her to moſt bitter Woe:
For *Eſtrild* was his Joy (God wot)
By whom a Daughter he begot.
The Duke of *Cornwal* being dead,
the Father of that gallant Queen,
The King with Luſt being overlaid,
his lawful Wife he caſt off clean:
Who with her dear and tender Son,
For Succour did in *Cornwal* run.
Then *Locrin* crowned *Eſtrild* bright,
and made of her his lawful Wife;
With her which was his Heart's delight,
he thought to lead his Life;
Thus *Guendoline*, as one forlorn,
Did hold her wretched Life in ſcorn.
But when the Corniſh Men did know,
the great Abuſe ſhe did endure,
With her a Number great did go,
which ſhe by Prayer did procure:
In Battle then they marcht along,
For to redreſs this grievous wrong;
And near a River called *Store*,
the King with all his Hoſt ſhe met, Where

Where both the Armies fought full ſore,
but yet the Queen the Field did get:
Yet e'er they did the Conqueſt gain,
The King was with an Arrow ſlain.
Then *Guendoline* did take in Hand,
until her Son was come to Age,
The Government of all the Land;
but firſt her Fury to aſſwage,
She did command her Soldiers wild,
To drown both *Eſtrild* and her Child.
Incontinent then did they bring
fair *Eſtrild* to the River-ſide,
And *Sabrine*, Daughter to a King,
whom *Guendoline* could not abide;
Who being bound together faſt,
into the River there was caſt;
And ever ſince that running Stream,
wherein the Ladies drowned were,
Is called *Savern* through the Realm,
becauſe that *Sabrine* died there.
Thus thoſe that did to lewdneſs bend,
Were brought unto a woful end.

VI. *A Song of Queen* Iſabel, *Wife to King* Edward *the Second*, &c.

PRoud were the *Spencers*, and of Condition ill,
All *England*, and the King likewiſe,
they ruled at their Will:
And many Lords and Nobles of the Land,
Through their Occaſions loſt their Lives,
and none did them withſtand:
And at the laſt they did encreaſe much Grief,
Between the King and *Iſabel*,
his Queen and faithful Wife:
So that her Life ſhe dreaded wondrous ſore,
And caſt within her ſecret Thoughts,
ſome preſent help therefore.

Then ſhe requeſts with Countenance grave and ſage
That ſhe to *Thomas Becket*'s Tomb
might go on Pilgrimage:
Then being joyful to have that happy Chance,
Her Son and ſhe took Ships with ſpeed,
and ſailed into *France*,
And Royally ſhe was received then,
By the King and all the reſt
of Peers and Noblemen:
And unto him at laſt ſhe did expreſs,
The cauſe of her Arrival there,
her cauſe and Heavineſs.
When as her Brother her Grief did underſtand,
He gave her leave to gather Men
throughout his famous Land;
And made a Promiſe to aid her evermore;
As often as ſhe ſhould ſtand in need,
of gold and ſilver ſtore;
But when indeed ſhe did require the ſame,
He was as far from doing it,
as when ſhe thither came;
And did proclaim, whilſt Matters were ſo,
That none on pain of Death ſhould go
to aid the Engliſh Queen.
This Alteration did greatly grieve the Queen,
That down along her comely Face
the bitter Tears were ſeen;
When ſhe perceiv'd her Friends forſook her ſo,
She knew not for her Safety,
which way to turn or go;
But thro' good hap, at laſt ſhe then decreed,
To ſeek in fruitful *Germany*
ſome Succour to this need:
And to Sir *John Hainault* then went ſhe,
Who entertain'd his woeful Queen
with great Solemnity.
And with great Sorrow to him ſhe then complain'd
Of all her Griefs and Injuries,
which ſhe of late ſuſtain'd: So

So that with weeping ſhe dimm'd her Princely ſight
The Cauſe whereof did greatly grieve
that noble courteous Knight;
Who made an Oath he would her Champion be,
And in her Quarrel ſpend his Blood,
from wrong to ſet her free;
And all my Friends with whom I may prevail,
Shall help for to advance your State,
whoſe Truth no Time ſhall fail.
And in his Promiſe moſt faithful he was found,
And many Lords of great Account,
was in his Voyage bound.
So ſetting forward with a goodly Train,
At length, through God's ſpecial Grace,
into *England* they came:
At *Harwich* then, when they were aſhore,
Of Engliſh Lords and Barons bold,
there came to her great ſtore:
Which did rejoyce the Queen's afflicted Heart,
That Engliſh Lords in ſuch ſort
came for to take her part.
When as K. *Edward* thereof did underſtand,
How that the Queen with ſuch a Power,
was entered on his Land;
And how his Nobles were gone to take her part,
He fled from *London* preſently,
even with a heavy Heart:
And with the *Spencers* unto *Briſtol* did go,
To fortifie that gallant Town,
great Coſt he did beſtow;
Leaving behind to govern *London* Town,
The ſtout Biſhop of *Exeter*,
whoſe Pride was ſoon pull'd down.
The Mayor of *London*, with Citizens great ſtore,
The Biſhop and the *Spencers* both,
in Heart they did abhor,
Therefore they took him without fear or dread,

And * the Standard in *Cheapside*,
they ſmote off his Head.
Unto the Queen this Meſſage then they ſent,
The City of *London* was
at her Commandment;
Wherefore the Queen with all her Company,
Did ſtrait to *Briſtol* march amain,
whereas the King did lie:
Then ſhe beſieged the City round about,
Threatning ſharp and cruel Death,
to thoſe that were ſo ſtout;
Wherefore the Townſmen, their Children,
and their Wives,
Did yield the City to the Queen,
for ſafeguard of their Lives:
Where was took, the Story plain doth tell,
Sir *Hugh Spencer*, and with him
the Earl of *Arundel*.
This Judgment juſt the Nobles did ſet down,
They ſhould be drawn and hanged both,
in ſight of *Briſtol* Town.
Then was King *Edward* in the Caſtle there,
And *Hugh Spencer* ſtill with him,
in dread and deadly fear;
And being prepar'd from thence to ſail away,
The Winds were found contrary,
they were enforc'd to ſtay:
But at laſt Sir *John Beaumont*, Knight,
Did bring his ſailing Ship to Shore,
and ſo did ſtay their flight:
And ſo theſe Men were taken ſpeedily,
And brought as Priſoners to the Queen,
who did in *Briſtol* lie.
The Queen by counſel of the Lords and Barons bold,
To *Barkley* ſent the King,
there to be kept in hold:
And young *Hugh Spencer* that did much ill procure,
Was to the Marſhal of the Hoſt
ſent unto keeping ſure: And

And then the Queen to *Hereford* took her way,
With all her warlike Company,
which late in *Briſtol* lay:
And here behold how *Spencer* was,
From Town to Town, even as the Queen
to *Hereford* did paſs,
Upon a Jade which they by chance had found,
Young *Spencer* mounted was,
with Legs and Hands faſt bound:
A writing Paper along as he did go,
Upon his Head he had to wear,
which did his Treaſon ſhow;
And to deride this Traytor lewd and ill,
Certain Men with reeden Pipes,
did blow before him ſtill:
Thus was he led along in every place,
While many People did rejoyce,
to ſee his ſtrange Diſgrace.
When unto *Hereford* our noble Queen was come,
She did aſſemble all the Lords
and Knights, both all and ſome;
And in their preſence young *Spencer* Judgment had,
To be both hang'd and quartered,
his Treaſons were ſo bad;
Then was the King depoſed of his Crown,
From Rule, and Princely Dignity,
the Lords did caſt him down:
And in his Life his Son both wiſe and ſage,
Was crown'd King of fair *England*,
at fifteen Years of Age.

VII. *A Song of the Baniſhment of the Two Dukes of* Hereford *and* Norfolk.

TWO noble Dukes of great Renown,
that long had liv'd in Fame,
Through hateful Envy were caſt down,
and brought to ſudden Shame;

The Duke of *Hereford* was the one,
a prudent Prince and wise,
'Gainst whom such Malice there was flown,
which soon in fight did rise.
The Duke of *Norfolk* most untrue,
declar'd unto the King,
The Duke of *Hereford* greatly grew,
in hatred of each Thing,
Which by his Grace was acted still,
against both High and Low;
How he had a traiterous Will,
his State to overthrow.
The Duke of *Hereford* then in haste,
was sent for to the King,
And by the Lords in Order plac'd,
examin'd of each Thing:
Who being guiltless of this Crime,
which was against him laid;
The Duke of *Norfolk* at that Time,
these Words unto him said,
How can'st thou with a shameless Face,
deny a Truth so stout;
And here before his Royal Grace,
so falsly face it out?
Did not these wicked Treasons pass,
when we together were,
How that the King unworthy was,
the Royal Crown to bear:
Wherefore, my gracious Lord, quoth he,
and you his noble Peers,
To whom I wish long Life to be,
with many happy Years;
I do pronounce before you all,
this treacherous Lord that's here,
A Traytor to our noble King,
as Time shall shew it clear.
The Duke of *Hereford* hearing that,
in mind was grieved much,

And did return this Anſwer flat,
which did Duke *Norfolk* touch:
The Term of Traytor, truthleſs Duke,
in ſcorn and great diſdain,
With flat Defiance to thy Face,
I do return again.
And therefore if it pleaſe your Grace,
to grant me Leave, quoth he,
To combate with my unknown Foe,
that here accuſeth me;
I do not doubt but plainly prove,
that like a perjured Knight,
He hath moſt falſly ſought my Shame,
againſt all Truth and Right.
The King did grant this juſt Requeſt,
and did therewith agree,
At *Coventry* in *Auguſt* next,
this Combate fought ſhould be:
The Dukes on ſturdy Steeds full ſtout,
in Coats of Steel moſt bright,
With Spears in Reſts, did enter Liſts,
this Combate fierce to fight.
The King then caſt his Warden down,
commanding them to ſtay;
And with his Lords he Counſel took,
to ſtint that mortal Fray:
At length unto theſe noble Dukes,
the King of Heraulds came,
And unto them with lofty Speech,
this Sentence did proclaim,
Sir *Henry Bullenbrook*, this Day,
the Duke of *Hereford* here,
And *Thomas Mauberry*, *Norfolk* Duke,
ſo valiantly did appear:
And having in honourable ſort,
repaired to this place,
Our noble King for ſpecial Cauſe
hath alter'd thus the Caſe:

First, *Henry* Duke of *Hereford*,
e'er fifteen Days be paſt,
Shall part the Realm on pain of Death,
while ten Years ſpace doth laſt.
And *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk* now,
that hath begun this Strife,
And thereof no good proof can bring,
I ſay for Term of Life;
By Judgment of our Soveraign Lord,
which now in place doth ſtand,
For evermore I baniſh thee,
out of thy Native Land:
Charging thee on pain of Death,
when fifteen days are paſt,
Thou never tread on Engliſh Ground,
ſo long as Life doth laſt.
Thus they were ſworn before the King,
e'er they did further paſs,
The one ſhould never come in place,
where as the other was.
Then both the Dukes with heavy Hearts,
was parted preſently,
The uncouth ſtreams of froward Chance
of Foreign Lands to try.
The Duke of *Norfolk* coming then,
where he would ſhipping take,
The bitter Tears fell down his Cheeks,
and thus his Moan did make:
Now let me ſigh and ſob my fill,
e'er I from hence depart,
That inward Pangs with ſpeed may burſt
my ſore afflicted Heart:
Oh curſed Man! whoſe loathed Life,
is held ſo much in ſcorn,
Whoſe Company is clean deſpis'd,
and left as one forlorn:
Now take thy Leave and laſt Adieu
of this thy Country dear,

Which

Which never more thou muſt behold,
nor yet approach it near.
Now happy ſhould I account my ſelf,
if Death my Heart had torn;
That I might have my Bones entomb'd,
where I was bred and born:
Or that by *Neptune*'s wrathful Rage,
I might be preſt to dye:
Whilſt that ſweet *England*'s pleaſant Banks,
did ſtand before mine Eye.
How ſweet a Scent hath Engliſh Ground,
within my Senſes now?
How fair unto my outward ſight,
ſeem every Branch and Bough?
The Fields and Flowers, the Streets and Stones,
ſeems ſuch unto my mind,
That in all other Countries ſure,
the like I ſhall never find.
O that the Sun with ſhining Face,
would ſtay his Sreed by Strength,
That this ſame Day might ſtretched be,
to twenty Years in length:
And that the true performing Tyde,
her haſty Courſe would ſtay;
That *Eolus* would never yield,
to bear me hence away.
That by the Fountain of my Eyes,
the Fields might watered be,
That I might grave my grievous plaint,
upon each ſpringing Tree:
But Time I ſee with Eagle's Wings,
ſo ſwift doth fly away;
And dusky Clouds begin to dim
the brightneſs of the Day:
The fatal Hour draweth on,
the Winds and Tydes agree;
And now ſweet *England* overſoon,
I muſt depart from thee:

The Mariners have hoiſed Sail,
and call to catch me in,
And now in woeful Heart I feel,
my Torments to begin.
Wherefore farewel for evermore,
ſweet *England* unto thee;
But farewel all my Friends which I
again ſhall never ſee:
And *England* here I kiſs thy Ground,
upon my bended Knee,
Whereby to ſhew to all the World,
how dearly I love thee.
This being ſaid, away he went,
as Fortune did him guide,
And at the length with grief of Heart,
in *Venice* there he dy'd,
The noble Duke in doleful Sort,
did lead his Life in *France*;
And at the laſt the mighty Lord,
did him full high advance;
The Lords of *England* afterwards,
did ſend for him again,
While that King *Richard* at the Wars
in *Ireland* did remain:
Who brought the vile and great Abuſe,
which through his Deeds did ſpring:
Depoſed was, and then the Duke
was truly crowned King.

VIII. *The Noble Acts of* Arthur, *and the Knights of the Round Table. Tune of* Flying Fame.

WHEN *Arthur* firſt in Court began,
and was approved King,
By force of Arms great Victories wan,
and Conqueſt home did bring:
Then in *Britain* ſtraight he came,
where fifty good and able

Knights

Knights then repaired unto him,
which were of the Round Table.
And many Juſts and Tournaments,
before them that were dreſt,
Where valiant Knights did then excel,
and far ſurmount the reſt:
But one Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
who was approved well,
He in his Fights and Deeds of Arms,
all others did excell;
When he had reſted him a while,
to play to game and ſport,
He thought he would to try himſelf,
in ſome adventrous ſort:
He armed rode in Foreſt wide,
and met a Damſel fair,
Who told him of Adventures great,
whereto he gave good ear:
Why ſhould I not, quoth *Lancelot*, tho'
for that Cauſe I came hither;
Thou ſeem'ſt, quoth ſhe, a goodly Knight,
and I will bring thee thither;
Whereas the mighty Knight doth dwell,
that now is of great Fame;
Therefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is your Name?
My Name is *Lancelot du Lake*.
Quoth ſhe, It likes me then,
Here dwells a Knight that never was
e'er match'd with any Man;
Who has in Priſon threeſcore Knights
and four that he has wound;
Knights of King *Arthur*'s Court they be,
and of his Table round.
She brought him to a River-ſide,
and alſo to a Tree,
Whereon a Copper Baſon hung,
his Fellow Shields to ſee:

He

He ſtruck ſo hard, the Baſon broke;
when *Tarquin* heard the Sound,
He drove a Horſe before him ſtreight,
whereon a Knight lay bound:
Sir Knight, then ſaid Sir *Lancelot*, though,
bring me that Horſe-load hither;
And lay him down, and let him reſt,
we'll try our Force together:
For And as I underſtand thou haſt,
ſo far as thou art able,
Done great Deſpite and Shame unto
the Knights of the Round Table.
If thou be of the Table round,
(quoth *Tarquin*, ſpeedily)
Both thee and all thy Fellowſhip,
I utterly defie.
That's overmuch, quoth *Lancelot* though,
defend thee by and by,
They put their Spurs unto their Steeds,
and each at other fly;
They coucht their Spears, and Horſes ran
as though there had been Thunder,
And each ſtruck them amidſt the Shield,
wherewith they broke in ſunder:
Their Horſes Backs break under them,
the Knights were both aſton'd:
To void their Horſes they made great haſt
to light upon the Ground:
They took them to their Shields full faſt,
their Swords they drew out then,
With mighty Stroaks moſt eagerly
each one at other run:
They wounded were, and bled full ſore,
for Breath they both did ſtand,
And leaning on their Swords awhile,
quoth *Tarquin*, Hold thy Hand;
And tell to me what I ſhall ask.
Say on, quoth *Lancelot* though. Thou

Thou art, quoth *Tarquin*, the beſt Knight
that ever I did know,
And like a Knight that I did hate;
ſo that thou be not he,
I will delrver all the reſt,
and eke accord with thee.
That is well ſaid, quoth *Lancelot* then,
but ſith it muſt be ſo,
What is the Knight thou hateſt ſo,
I pray thee to me ſhow?
His Name is *Lancelot du Lake*,
he ſlew my Brother dear;
Him I ſuſpect of all the reſt,
I would I had him here.
Thy Wiſh thou haſt, but yet unknown,
I am *Lancelot du Lake*,
Now Knight of *Arthur*'s Table round,
kind *Haud*'s Son of *Seuwake*; king!
And I deſire thee do thy worſt.
Ho, ho, quoth *Tarquin*, though
One of us two ſhall end our Lives,
before that we do go:
If thou be *Lancelot du Lake*,
then welcome ſhalt thou be,
Wherefore ſee thou thy ſelf defend,
for now I defie thee.
They buckled together ſo,
like two wild Boars ruſhing,
And with their Swords and Shields they ran
at one another flaſhing:
The Ground beſprinkled was with Blood,
Tarquin began to faint,
For he gave back, and bore his Shield,
ſo low he did repent:
Then ſoon eſpied Sir *Lancelot* though,
he leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him down upon his Knee,
and ruſhing off his Helm,

And then he ſtruck his Neck in two,
and when he had done ſo,
From Priſon, threeſcore Knights and four,
Lancelot delivered though.

IX. *A Song in Praiſe of Women. To a pleaſant new Tune, called,* My Valentine.

AMong all other Things
That God hath made beneath the Sky,
Moſt glorious to ſatisfie the curious Eye
of mortal Men withal;
The ſight of *Eve*,
Did ſooneſt fit his Fancy,
Whoſe courteſie and amity moſt ſpeedily
had caught his Heart in Thrall;
Whom he did love ſo dear,
As plainly doth appear,
He made her Queen of all the World,
and Miſtreſs of his Heart;
Tho' afterwards ſhe wrought his Woe,
his Death and deadly Smart.
What need I ſpeak
Of Matters paſſed long ago,
Which all Men know I need not ſhow, to High or Low
the caſe is ſo plain:
Altho' that *Eve* committed then ſo great,
E'er ſhe went hence,
A Recompence, in Defence,
ſhe made Mankind again;
For by her bleſſed Seed,
we are redeem'd indeed.
Why ſhould not then, all mortal Men,
eſteem of Women well?
And love their Wives, even as their Lives,
as Nature doth compel?
A virtuous Wife
The Scripture doth commend, and ſay That

That Night and Day, ſhe is a ſtay from all Decay,
to keep her Husband ſtill;
She uſeth not
To give herſelf a wandring,
Or flattering, or prattling, or any thing
to do her Neighbour ill:
But all her Mind is bent
his Pleaſure to content;
Her faithful Love doth not remove
for any Storm or Grief:
Then is not he well bleſt, think ye,
that meets with ſuch a Wife?
But now methinks
I hear ſome Men do ſay to me,
Few ſuch there be, in each Degree and Quality
at this Day to be found;
And now a-Days
Some Men do ſet their whole Delight,
Both Day and Night, with all Deſpite to brawl and fight,
their Rage doth ſo abound:
But ſure I think and ſay,
here comes no ſuch to Day;
Nor do I know of any ſhe,
that is within this place,
And yet for fear, I dare ſwear,
it is ſo hard a caſe.
But to conclude,
For Maids, and Wives, and Virgins all,
Both great or ſmall, in Bower or Hall, to pray I ſhall
ſo long as Life doth laſt,
That they may live,
With Hearts Content, and perfect Peace,
That Joys increaſe, may never ceaſe, till Death re-leaſe
the Care that crept ſo faſt:
For Beauty doth me bind,
To have them all in mind,
Even for her ſake, that doth us make
ſo merry to be ſeen:

The Glory of the Female Kind,
I mean our noble Queen.

X. *A Song in Praiſe of a Single Life. To the Tune of* The Ghoſt's Hearſe.

SOme do write of bloody Wars,
Some do ſhew the ſeveral Jars,
'twixt Men, through Envy raiſed:
Some in Praiſe of Princes write,
Some ſet their whole Delight
to hear fair Beauty blazed.
Some other Perſons are moved,
for to praiſe where they are lov'd;
And let Lovers praiſe Beauty as they will,
otherways I am intended;
True Love is little regarded,
And often goes unrewarded:
Then to avoid all Strife,
I'll reſolve to lead a ſingle Life,
whereby the Heart is not offended.
O what Suit and Service too,
Is uſed by them that wooe!
O what Grief in Heart and Mind,
What Sorrow we do find,
Through Woman's fond Behaviour!
Subject to ſuffer each Hour,
and Speeches ſharp and ſower,
And Labour, Love, and Coſt, perchance 'tis but all loſt,
and no way to be amended,
And ſo purchaſe Pleaſure,
And after repent at Leiſure;
Then to avoid all Strife, &c.
To Man in wedded State,
Doth happen much Debate,
except God's ſpecial Favour;
If his Wife be proudly bent,
Or ſecretly conſent
to any lewd Behaviour:

If

If ſhe be ſlothful or idle,
Or ſuch as her tongue cannot bridle;
Oh then well were he,
If Death his bane would be;
no Sorrow elſe can be amended,
For look how long he were living,
Evermore he would be gireving;
Then to avoid all Strife, &c.
Married Folks we often hear,
Even through their Children dear,
have many Cauſes of Sorrow;
If diſobedient they be found,
Or falſe in any ground,
by their unlawful Sorrows;
To ſee ſuch wicked Fellows,
Shamefully come unto the Gallows,
Whom Parents with great Care
Nouriſhed with dainty Fare,
from their Care truly tended;
Whenas their Mothers before them,
Doth curſe the Day that e'er they bore them;
Then to avoid all Strife, &c.
Do we then behold and ſee,
When Men and Wives agree,
and live together;
Where the Lord hath ſent them eke,
Fair Children mild and meek,
like Flowers in Summer-Weather:
How greatly are they grieved,
And will not by Joy be relieved,
If that Death doth call,
Either Wife or Children ſmall,
whom their Virtues do commend,
Their Loſſes whom they thus added,
From teeir Hearts cannot be moved;
Then to avoid all Strife, &c.
Who being in that happy State,
Would work himſelf ſuch Hate,

his Fancy for to follow ?
Or living here devoid of Strife,
Would take him to a Wife,
for to procure his Sorrow,
With carping and with caring,
Evermore muſt be ſparing,
Were he not worſe than mad,
Being merry, would be ſad ?
Were he to be commended
That e'er would ſeek much Pleaſure,
where Grief is all his Treaſure ?
Then to avoid all Strife, &c.

XI. *The Widow's Solace. To the Tune of* Robinſon Almain.

MOurn no more fair Widow,
thy Tears are all in vain ;
Tis neither Grief nor Sorrow,
can call the Dead again :
Man's well enough compared
unto the Summer's Flower,
Which now is fair and pleaſant,
yet withereth in an Hour :
And mourn no more in vain,
as one whoſe Faith is ſmall,
Be patient in Affliction,
and give God Thanks for all.
All Men are born to die,
the Scripture telleth plain ;
Of Earth we were created,
to Earth we muſt again :
'Twas neither *Cræſus* Treaſure,
nor *Alexander*'s Fame ;
Nor *Solomon* by Wiſdom,
that could Death's Fury tame ;
No Phyſick might preſerve them,
when Nature did decay ;

What

What Man can hold for ever,
the Thing that will away?
Then mourn no more, &c.
Though you have loſt your Husband,
your Comfort in Diſtreſs;
Conſider God regardeth
the Widow's Heavineſs:
And hath ſtrictly charged,
ſuch as his Children be,
The Fatherleſs and Widow
to ſhield from Injury: *Then mourn* &c.
If he were true and faithful,
and loving unto thee,
Doubt not but there's in *England*,
enough as good as he:
But if that ſuch Affection,
within his Heart was none;
Then give God Praiſe and Glory,
that he is dead and gone:
And mourn no more, &c.
Receive ſuch Suitors friendly,
as do reſort to thee;
Reſpect not the outward Perſon,
but the inward Gravity:
And with adviſed Judgment,
chuſe him above the reſt,
Whom thou by Proof haſt tried,
and found to be the beſt:
Then mourn no more, &c.
Then ſhalt thou live a Life
exempt from allannoy;
And whenſoever itchanceth,
I pray God give thee Joy:
And thus I make an end,
with true Humility;
In hope my ſimple Solace,
may well accepted be:
Then mourn no more, &c.

XII. *A Gentlewoman's Complaint, againſt her Faithleſs Friend,* &c.

FAith is a Figure ſtanding now for nought,
Faith is a Fancy we ought to caſt in Thought,
Faith now-a-days, as all the World may ſee,
Reſteth in few, and is fled from thee:
Is there any Faith in Strangers to be found?
Is there any Faith lies hidden in the Ground?
Is there any Faith in Men that buried be?
No, there is none; and Faith is fled from thee:
Fled is the Faith that might remain in any,
Fled is the Faith that ſhould remain in many,
Fled is the Faith that ſhould in any be;
Then farewel Hope, for Faith is fled from thee.
From Faith I ſee that every one is flying,
From Faith I ſee that all things are a dying;
They from Faith, that moſt in Faith ſhould be,
And Faithleſs thou, that brake thy Faith to me.
Thee have I ſought, but thee I could not find,
Thou of all others was moſt within my mind;
Thee have I left, and I alone will be,
Becauſe I find that Faith is fled from thee.

XIII. *Of the Prince of* England, *who wooed the King's Daughter of* France, *&c. To the Tune of* Crimſon Velvet.

IN the Days of old,
when fair *France* did flouriſh,
Stories plainly told,
Lovers felt annoy;
The King a Daughter had,
beauteous, fair and lovely,
Which made her Father glad,
ſhe was his only Joy:
A Prince of *England* came,
Whoſe Deeds did merit Fame,

He

he woo'd her long, and loe at laſt,
Look what he did require,
She granted his Deſire,
their hearts in one were linked faſt.
Which when her Father proved
Lord! how he was moved,
and tormented in his Mind:
He ſought for to prevent them,
And to diſcontent them,
Fortune croſſes Lovers kind.
Wheu as theſe Princely Twain,
were thus barr'd of Pleaſure,
Through the King's Diſdain,
which their Joys withſtood,
The Lady lockt up cloſe,
her Jewels and her Treaſure,
Having no remorſe
of State or Royal Blood:
In homely poor Array,
She went from Court away,
to meet her Love and Heart's Delight:
Who in a Foreſt great,
Had taken up his Seat,
to wait her coming in the Night:
But loe what ſudden Danger,
To this Princely Stranger,
chanced as he ſat alone;
By Out-laws he was robbed,
And with Poniard ſtabbed,
uttering many dying Groans;
The Princeſs armed by him,
and by true Deſire,
Wandering all that Night,
without dread at all:
Still unknown ſhe paſt,
in her ſtrange Attire,
Coming at the laſt,
within Echo's Call;

You fair Woods, quoth she,
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my Heart's Delight,
Which doth encompass here,
My Joy and only Dear
my trusty Friend and comely Knight;
Sweet I come unto thee,
Sweet I come to wooe thee,
that thou may'st not angry be,
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous staying,
amends for all I make to thee,
Passing thus alone,
through the silent Forest,
Many a grievous Groan
sounded in her Ear,
Where she heard a Man
to lament the sorest
Chance that ever came,
forc'd by deadly Strife;
Farewel my Dear, quoth he,
Whom I shall never see,
For why, my Life is at an end;
For thy sweet sake I die,
Through Villain's Cruelty,
to shew I am a faithful Friend,
Here lie I a bleeding,
While my Thoughts are feeding,
on the rarest Beauty found;
O hard hap that may be,
Little knows my Lady,
my Heart Blood lies on the Ground.
With that he gave a Groan,
that break asunder
All the tender Strings
of his gentle Heart;
She who knew his Voice,
at his Tale did wonder, All

All her former Joys
did to Grief convert;
Straight ſhe ran to ſee,
Who this Man ſhould be,
that ſo like her Love did ſpeak;
And found when as ſhe came,
Her lovely Lord lay ſlain,
ſmeer'd in Blood, which Life did break;
Which when that ſhe eſpied,
Lord how ſore ſhe cried,
her Sorrows could not counted be;
Her Eyes like Fountains running,
While ſhe cry'd out, My Darling,
would God that I had dy'd for thee.
His pale Lips, alas,
twenty Times ſhe kiſſed,
And his Face did waſh
with her briniſh Tears;
Every bleeding Wound,
her fair Face bedewed,
Wiping off the Blood
with her golden Hair;
Speak fair Prince to me,
one ſweet Word of Comfort give;
Lift up thy fair Eyes,
Liſten to my Cries,
think in what great Grief I live.
All in vain ſhe ſued,
All in vain ſhe wooed,
the Prince's Life was fled and gone:
There ſtood ſhe ſtill mourning,
Till the Sun's returning,
and bright Day was coming on.
In this great Diſtreſs,
quoth this Royal Lady,
Who can now expect,
what will become of me?

To

never will I wander,
But some Service seek,
where I may placed be.
Whilst she thus made her moan,
Weeping all alone,
in this deep and deadly fear,
A Forrester all in Green,
Most comely to be seen,
ranging the Wood, did find her there;
Ronnd beset with Sorrow,
Maid, quoth he, good Morrow,
what hard hap hath brought you here?
Harder hap did never
Chance to a Maiden ever,
here lies slain my Brother dear,
Where might I be plac'd,
gentle Forester, tell me,
Where might I procure
a Service in my need?
Pains I will not spare,
but will do my duty;
Ease me of my care,
help my extream need.
The Forrester all amazed,
On her Beauty gazed,
'till his Heart was set on Fire;
If, fair Maid quoth he,
You will go with me,
you shall have your Heart's desire.
He brought her to his Mother,
And above all other
he set forth this Maiden's Praise;
Long was his Heart inflamed,
At length her Love he gained,
so Fortune did his Glory raise.
Thus unknown he matcht
with the King's fair Daughter; Children

Children seven he had,
e'er she to him was known;
But when he understood
she was a Royal Princess,
By this means at last
he shewed forth her Fame,
He cloath'd his Children then,
Not like other Men,
in party Colours strange to see,
The right side Cloth of Gold,
The left side to behold
of woollen Cloth still framed he.
Men thereat did wonder,
Golden Fame did thunder
this strange Deed in every place:
The King he coming thither,
Being pleasant Weather,
in the Woods the Hart to chase;
The Children there did stand,
as their Mother willed;
Where the Royal King
must of Force come by;
Their Mother richly clad
in fair crimson Velvet;
Their Father all in gray,
most comely to the Eye.
When this famous King,
Noting every Thing,
did ask him how he durst be so bold,
To let his Wife to wear,
And deck his Children there,
in costly Robes of Pearl and Gold?
The Forrester bold replied,
And the Cause descried,
and to the King he thus did say,
Well may they by their Mother,
Wear rich Gold like other,
being by Birth a Princess gay.

The King upon theſe Words,
more heedfully beheld them,
Till a crimſon Bluſh
his Conceit did croſs:
The more I look, quoth he,
upon thy Wife and Children,
The more I call to mind
my Daughter whom I loſt.
I am that Child, quoth ſhe,
Falling on her Knee,
pardon me my Soveraign Liege,
The King perceiving this,
His Daughter dear did kiſs,
till joyful Tears did ſtop his Speech:
With his Train he turned,
And with her ſojourned,
ſtraight he dubb'd her Husband Knight;
He made him Earl of *Flanders*,
One of his chief Commanders;
thus was their Sorrow put to Flight.

XIV. *Of the Faithful Friendſhip between two Faithful Friends.* *To the Tune of* Flying Fame.

IN ſtately *Rome* ſometime did dwell
a Man of noble Fame,
Who had a Son of ſeemly ſhape,
Alphonſo was his Name:
When he was grown and come to Age;
his Father thought it beſt,
To ſend his Son to *Athens* fair,
where Wiſdom's School did reſt.
And when he was to *Athens* come,
good Lectures for to learn,
A place to board him with Delight,
his Friends did well diſcern;
A noble Knight of *Athens* Town,
of him did take the Charge, who

Who had a Son *Ganſelo* nam'd,
juſt of his Pitch and Age;
In Stature and in Perſon both,
in Favour, Speech and Face;
In Quality, and Conditions eke,
they 'greed in every Place:
So like they were in all Reſpects,
the one unto the other,
They were not known, but by their Names,
of Father or of Mother.
And as in Favour they were found
alike in all Reſpects,
Even ſo they did moſt dearly Love,
as prov'd by good Effects;
Ganſelo lov'd a Lady fair,
which did in *Athens* dwell,
Who was in Beauty peerleſs found,
ſo far ſhe did excel.
Upon a time it chanced ſo,
as Fancy did him move,
That he would viſit, for Delight,
his Lady and his Love;
And to his true and faithful Friend
he declared the ſame,
Asking of him if he would ſee
that fair and comely Dame.
Alphonſo did thereto agree,
and with *Ganſelo* went,
To ſee the Lady which he lov'd,
which bred his Diſcontent:
But when he caſt his cryſtal Eyes
upon her Angel's Hue,
The Beauty of that Lady bright,
did ſtrait his Heart ſubdue:
His gentle Heart ſo wounded was,
with that fair Lady's Face,
That afterwards he daily liv'd
in ſad and woful caſe;

And

And of his Grief he knew not how
therefore to make an end,
For that he knew the Lady's Love
was yielded to his Friend.
Then being sore perplext in mind,
upon his Bed he lay,
Like one which Death and deep Despair,
had almost worn away.
His Friend *Ganselo* that did see
his Grief and great Distress,
At length requested for to know
his cause of heaviness.
With much ado, at length he told
the Truth unto his Friend;
Who did relieve his inward Woe,
with Comfort to the end:
Take Courage then, dear Friend, quoth he,
though she through Love be mine;
My Right I will resign to thee,
the Lady shall be thine.
You know our Favours are alike,
our Speech also likewise;
This Day in mine Apparel
you shall yourself disguise,
And unto Church then shall you go,
directly in my stead;
Lo, though my Friends suppose 'tis I,
you shall the Lady wed.
Alphonso was so well appaid,
and as they had decreed,
He went that Day and wedded plain
the Lady there indeed:
But when the Nuptial-Feast was done,
and *Phœbus* quite was fled,
The Lady for *Ganselo* took
Alphonso to her Bed.
That Night was spent in pleasant Sport,
and when the Day was come,

A Poſt for fair *Alphonſo* came,
to fetch him home from *Rome*:
Then was the matter plainly provd,
Alphonſo wedded was,
And not *Ganſelo*, to that Dame:
which brought great Woe, alas!
Alphonſo being gone to *Rome*,
with this his Lady gay,
Ganſelo's Friends and Kindred all,
in ſuch a Rage did ſtay,
That they depriv'd him of his Wealth,
his Land and rich Attire,
And baniſh'd him their Country quite,
in Rage and wrathful Ire.
With ſad and penſive Thoughts, alas,
Ganſelo wandred then;
Who was conſtrain'd, thro' want, to beg
Relief of many Men.
In this Diſtreſs oft would he ſay,
To *Rome* I mean to go,
To ſeek *Alphonſo*, my dear Friend,
who will relieve my Woe.
To *Rome* when poor *Ganſelo* came,
and found *Alphonſo*'s Place,
Which was ſo famous, huge and fair,
himſelf in ſuch poor caſe,
He was aſham'd to ſhew himſelf,
in that his poor Array,
Saying *Alphonſo* knows me well,
if he would come this way:
Therefore he ſtaid within the Street:
Alphonſo then came by,
But heeding not *Ganſelo* poor,
his Friend that ſtood ſo nigh:
Which griev'd *Ganſelo* to the Heart,
quoth he, And is it ſo?
Doth proud *Alphonſo* now diſdain
his Friend indeed to know?

In desperate sort away he went,
into a Barn hard by,
And presently he drew his Knife,
thinking thereby to die:
And bitterly in Sorrow there,
he did lament and weep,
And being over-weighed with Grief,
he there fell fast asleep.
While soundly there he sweetly slept,
came in a murthering Thief,
And saw a naked Knife lie by
this Man so full of Grief:
The Knife so bright he took up strait,
and went away amain,
And thrust it in a murthered Man,
which he before had slain;
And afterwards he went with speed,
and put this bloody Knife
Into his Hand that sleeping lay,
to save himself from Strife:
Which done, away in haste he ran,
and when that Search was made,
Ganselo with his bloody Knife,
was for the Murther staid,
And brought before the Magistrate,
who did confess most plain,
That he indeed with that same Knife,
the murthered Man had slain.
Alphonso sitting then as Judge,
and knowing *Ganselo*'s Face,
To save his Friend, did say himself
was guilty in that case.
None, quoth *Alphonso*, kill'd the Man,
my Lord, but only I;
And therefore set this poor Man free,
and let me justly die:
Thus while for Death these faithful Friends,
in striving did proceed,

The Man before the Senate came,
that did the Fact indeed:
Who being moved with Remorſe,
their friendly Hearts to ſee,
Did before the Judges plain
none did the Fact but he
Thus when the Truth was plainly told,
of all ſides Joy was ſeens
Alphonſo did embrace his Friend,
which had ſo woful been;
In rich Array he cloathed him:
as fitted his Degree,
And helpt him to his Lands again,
and former Dignity.
The Murtherer for telling Truth,
had Pardon at that Time,
Who afterwards lamented much,
his foul and grievous Crime.

The End of the FIRST PART.

THE GARLAND of GOOD-WILL

The Second Part.

I. *A Paſtoral Song: To the Tune of* Hey ho Holiday, *&c.*

UPON a Down where Shepherds keep,
piping pleaſant Lays,
Two Country Maids were keeping Sheep,
and ſweetly chanted Roundelays:
Three Shepherds each an Oaten Reed,
blaming *Cupid*'s cruel Wrong,
Unto theſe Rural Nymphs agreed,
to keep a tuneful Under-ſong.
And ſo they were in Number Five,
Muſick's Number ſweet,
And we the like let us contrive,
to ſing their Song in order meet.
Fair *Phillis*'s part I take to me,
ſhe 'gainſt loving Hinds complains;
And *Amarillis* thou ſhalt be,
ſhe defends the Shepherds Swains.
Ph. Fie on the Slights that Men deviſe.
Sh. Hey ho, ſilly Slights.
P. When ſimple Maids they would entice.
S. Maidens are young Mens chief Delights.
A. Nay, Women they with with their Eyes.
S. Eyes like Beams of charming Sun.
A. And Men once caught they ſoon deſpiſe.
S. So are Shepherds oft undone.
P. If any young Man win a Maid.
S. Happy Man is he.

P. By

P. By truſting him ſhe is betray'd.
S. Fie upon ſuch Treachery.
A. If Maids catch young Men with their Guiles.
S. Hey ho, hey ho, guiltleſs Grief.
A. They deal like weeping Crocodiles.
S. That murther Man without Relief.
P. I know a ſilly Country Hind.
S. Hey ho, hey ho, ſilly Swain!
P. To whom fair *Daphne* proved kind.
S. Was he not kind to her again?
P. He vow'd to *Pan* with many an Oath.
S. Hey ho, hey ho, Shepherds God is he.
A. Yet ſince he hath chang'd and broke's Truth.
S. Troth plight broke, will plagued be.
A. She had deceived many a Swain.
S. Fie upon falſe Deceit.
A. And plighted Troth to them in vain.
S. There can be no Grief more great.
A. Her meaſure was with meaſure paid.
S. Hey ho, hey ho, equal need.
A. She was beguil'd that was betray'd.
S. So ſhall all Deceivers ſpeed.
P. If every Maid were like to me.
S. Hey ho, hey ho, hard of heart!
P. Both Love and Lovers ſcorn'd ſhould be.
S. Scorners ſhould be ſure of ſmart.
A. If every Maid were of my Mind.
S. Hey ho, hey ho, lovely ſweet.
A. They to their Lovers ſhould prove kind.
S. Kindneſs is for Maidens meet.
P. Methinks Love is an idle Toy.
S. Hey ho, hey ho, buſie Pain.
P. Both Wit and Senſe it doth annoy.
S. Both Wit and Senſe thereby we gain.
A. Tuſh *Phillis*, ceaſe, be not ſo coy.
P. Hey ho, hey ho, my diſdain!
A. I know you love a Shepherd's Boy.
S. Fie on that Woman ſo can feign. *P.* Well

P. Well, *Amarillis*, now I yield.
S. Shepherds ſweetly pipe aloud.
P. Love conquers both in Town and Field.
S. Like a Tyrant, fierce and proud.
A. The Evening-ſtar is up we ſee.
S. Veſper ſhines, we muſt away.
P. Would every Lady would agree.
S. So we end our Roundelay.

II. *The Sinner's Redemption: The Nativity of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, with his Life on Earth, and precious Death on the Croſs.*

ALL you that are to Mirth enclin'd,
Conſider well and bear in mind,
What our good God for us hath done,
In ſending his beloved Son.
Let all our Songs and Praiſes be
Unto his Heavenly Majeſty;
And evermore amongſt our Mirth,
Remember Chriſt our Saviour's Birth.
The Five and Twentieth of *December*,
Good cauſe we have for to remember,
In *Bethlehem* upon this Morn,
There was our bleſt *Meſſias* born.
The Night before that happy Tide,
The ſpotleſs Virgin and her Guide,
Were long time ſeeking up and down,
To find them Lodging in the Town.
And mark how all things came to paſs,
The Inns and Lodgings ſo fill'd was,
That they could have no Room at all,
But in a ſilly Ox's Stall.
This Night the Virgin *Mary* mild,
Was ſafe delivered of a Child,
According unto Heaven's Decree,
Man's ſweet Salvation for to be.

Neat

Near *Bethlehem* did Shepherds keep
Their Herds and Flocks of feeding Sheep,
To whom God's Angel did appear,
Which put the Shepherds in great Fear.
Prepare and go, the Angel ſaid,
To *Bethlehem*, be not afraid,
There ſhall you ſee this bleſſed Morn,
The Princely Babe, ſweet Jeſus born.
With thankful Hearts, and joyful Mind,
The Shepherds went this Babe to find;
And as the Heavenly Angel told,
They did our Saviour Chriſt behold,
Within a Manger was he laid,
The Virgin *Mary* by him ſtaid,
Attending on the Lord of Life,
Being both Mother, Maid, and Wife.
Three Eaſtern Wiſe Men from afar,
Directed by a glorious Star,
Came boldly on, and made no ſtay,
Until they came where Jeſus lay:
And being come unto the Place
Wherein the bleſt *Meſſias* was,
They humbly laid before his Feet,
Their Gifts of Gold and Odour ſweet.
See how the Lord of Heaven and Earth,
Shew'd himſelf lowly in his Birth:
A ſweet Example for Mankind,
To learn to bear an humble Mind.
No coſtly Robes nor rich Attire,
Did Jeſus Chriſt our Lord deſire;
No Muſick, nor ſweet Harmony,
Till glorious Angels from on High,
Did in melodious manner ſing,
Praiſes unto our Heavenly King,
All Honour, Glory, Might and Power,
Be unto Chriſt our Saviour.
If Choirs of Angels did rejoyce,
May Mankind with Heart & Voice,

Sing Praiſes to the God of Heaven,
That unto us a Son hath given.
Moreover, let us every one
Call unto mind, and think upon
His righteous Life, and how he dy'd,
To have poor Sinners juſtify'd.
Suppoſe, O Man, that thou ſhould'ſt lie
In Priſon ſtrong, condemn'd to die,
And that no Friend upon the Earth,
Could ranſom thee from cruel Death,
Except you can ſome Party find,
That for your Sake will be ſo kind,
His own Hearts Blood for to diſpence,
And loſe his Life in thy Defence.
Such was the Love of Chriſt, when we
Were loſt to Hell perpetually,
To ſave us from the Gulph of Woe,
Himſelf much Pain did undergo.
Whilſt in this World he did remain,
He never ſpent one Hour in vain:
In Faſting, and in Prayer Divine,
He daily ſpent away the Time:
He in the Temple daily taught,
And many Wonders ſtrange he wrought.
He gave the Blind their perfect Sight,
And made the Lame to walk upright.
He cur'd the Lepers of their Evils,
And by his Power he caſt out Devils.
He raiſed *Lazarus* from the Grave,
And to the ſick their health he gave.
But yet for all theſe Wonders wrought,
The Jews his dire Deſtruction ſought:
The Traytor *Judas* was the Man,
That with a Kiſs betray'd him then.
Then was he lead to Juſtice-Hall,
Like one deſpis'd amongſt them all;
And had the Sentence given, That he
Should ſuffer Death upon a Tree.

Unto

Unto the Execution-Place
They brought him on with much Diſgrace,
With vile reproachful Taunts and Scorns
They crown'd him with a Wreath of Thorns:
Then to the Croſs thro' Hands and Feet
They nail'd our bleſt Redeemer ſweet;
And further to augment his Smart,
With bloody Spear they pierc'd his Heart.
Thus have you ſeen and heard aright,
The Love of Chriſt, the Lord of Might;
And how he ſhed his precious Blood,
Only to do us Sinners good.

III. *A wonderful Propheſie, declared by* Chriſtian James, *a Maid of twenty Years of Age, who was born near* Padſtow *in the County of* Cornwal, &c. *To the Tune of* In Summer-time.

THE mighty Lord that rules in Heaven,
ſtrange Wonders doth in *England* ſend;
And many Warnings hath us given,
'cauſe we our Lives ſhould ſoon amend:
But like the misbelieving Jews,
ſo hard of heart our People be,
They think that nothing can be true,
but that which their own Eyes do ſee.
Therefore, good People, mark it well,
I'll here lay open to your view
A Song moſt wonderful and ſtrange,
and can approve it to be true:
A Damſel did near *Padſtow* dwell,
within the County of *Cornwall* fair,
Whoſe Parents had no Child but her;
ſhe was her Father's only
To whom came many a brave young man,
intending to make her a Wife;
But never tempting Tongue could make
this Damſel change her maiden-life:

And

And tho' her Parents Riches had,
and coſtly Garments her allow'd,
In homely Habit ſhe would go,
and alway hated to be proud.
She ne'er was heard to curſe or ſwear,
nor any Word of Anger give,
But courteous was in every thing,
to them that did about her live:
If ſhe heard any one to ſwear,
or take God's Sacred Name in vain,
She told them that they crucified
our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt again.
She often did frequent the Church,
and alſo did relieve the Poor,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs,
ſhe every Day fed at her Door.
Upon a time, this Damſel ſhe
fell ſick, and in a deadly Swound
She lay, for twenty Hour's ſpace,
no life in her then could be found:
Her aged Father did lament,
her Mother ſhe ſhed many a Tear:
She wept, ſhe wail'd, ſhe wrung her Hands
for loſs of this her Daughter dear.
Alas! alas! my Child, ſhe ſaid,
how dearly have I tendered thee,
And wilt thou now forſake the World,
and leave me in this miſery?
I would thy Birth had been my Death,
then never had I known this day!
This grievous moan her Mother made
by her dear Daughter as ſhe lay;
At laſt ſhe did ſtrong-waters fetch,
and rubs her Temples and each Vein,
Till at the laſt the Damſel had
recover'd Life and Senſe again:
And being come unto her Speech,
with Voice moſt ſhrill, aloud ſhe cry'd,

O Mother, you have done me wrong,
this cannot be by you deny'd;
For I was in the way to Heaven,
two glorious Angels did me guide,
Who gently took me by the Hand,
and help me up on every ſide;
Singing of Pſalms and ſpiritual Songs,
ſo long as we paſs'd on the Way,
Till he which had a golden Crown
met us, and cauſed us to ſtay:
Return, ſaid he, from whence thou cam'ſt,
thy Mother for thee makes great moan,
And tell theſe things, which I declare,
unto thy Neighbours every one.
Speak this, quoth he, unto them all,
How that the Lord e'er long will ſend
A grievous Puniſhment to them
that do wilfully his Will offend:
This is the laſt Age of the World,
even to the very Sink of Sin,
The Puddle of Iniquity,
which you long time have wallowed in.
The Men and Wives live in Diſcord,
the Father envies his own Son;
The Rich, the Poor, the Old, the Young
do hourly into Miſchief run:
Extortion and Idolatry;
and hateful Pride is now in uſe;
Blaſphemous Oaths and Curſes vile,
the People count as no abuſe.
Good Miniſters are ſet at naught,
the Sabbath is prophan'd alſo;
The Poor lie ſtarving in the Street,
oppreſt with Sorrow, Grief and Woe.
The loathſome Sin of Drunkenneſs,
and Whoredom, doth too much exceed;
He that can do his Neighbour wrong,
doth think he doth a goodly Deed. Now

Now ponder well what I do ſay,
Doom's dreadful Day is nigh at hand,
Fire and Brimſtone ſhall deſtroy
the Heaven, the Earth, the Sea and Land;
And every Soul before the Lord,
a juſt Account he then ſhall give;
His Conſcience ſhall a Witneſs be,
in what a condition he did live.
Then he that hath done well ſhall paſs
forthwith to everlaſting reſt,
And live amongſt thoſe glorious Saints,
which Jeſus Chriſt our Lord hath bleſt;
Where Martyrs, Prophets, and Patriarchs,
do Hallelujahs ever ſing,
Glory and Honour be to God,
and unto Chriſt our Heavenly King.
Then woe to them that have done ill,
when they ſhall hear the Sentence paſt,
Depart ye Curſed into Hell,
whoſe Fire for evermore ſhall laſt:
The Sorrows which are here foreto'd,
will come on you, e'er it be long.
Except Repentance truly dwell
in Hearts of all, both old and young.
Repentance, and true watry Eyes,
will help to quench the burning Flame
Which he hath kindled, to conſume
this wicked World's moſt rotten Frame:
Let not your Building all, ſo brave,
be burnt and waſted with God's Ire,
Nor let your Souls, for whom Chriſt dy'd,
be burnt in Hell's Eternal Fire.

Here endeth the Prophecy.

Theſe Speeches ſpoke, the Maiden dy'd,
and came no more to Life again;
Her Soul, no doubt, is gone to Heaven,
with glorious Angels to remain:

At

At her Deceaſe, an Harmony
of Muſick there was heard to ſound,
Which raviſh'd all the Standers-by,
it did with ſweetneſs ſo abound;
It pierc'd the Earth and Air alſo,
yet no man knew from whence it came;
But each one ſaid it came from Heaven:
and preſently upon the ſame,
The Magiſtrates of that ſame Pariſh,
which heard and ſaw this Wonder ſtrange,
Deſir'd to have it put in Print,
'cauſe wicked men their ways may change.

IV. *Of Patient* Griſſel *and a Noble Marquis. To the Tune of* The Bride's Good-morrow.

A Noble Marqueſs as he did ride a hunting,
hard by a River ſide,
A proper Maiden, ſhe did ſit a ſpinning,
his gentle Eye eſpy'd;
Moſt fair and lovely, and of comely Grace was ſhe,
although in ſimple Attire;
She ſang moſt ſweet with pleaſant Voice melodiouſly:
The more he lookt, the more he might,
Beauty bred his Heart's Delight;
and to this Damſel he went.
God ſpeed, quoth he, thou famous Flower,
Fair Miſtreſs of this homely Bower,
Where Love and Vertue lives with ſweet content.
With comely Geſture, and modeſt mild Behaviour
ſhe bad him welcome then;
She entertain'd him in a friendly manner,
and all his Gentlemen.
The Noble Marqueſs in his heart felt ſuch Flame,
which ſets his Senſes all at Striſe.
Quoth he, Fair Maiden, ſhew ſoon what is thy Name?
I mean to take thee to my Wife.
Griſſel is my Name, quoth ſhe, Far

Far unfit for your Degree.
a filly Maiden, and of Parents poor.
Nay, *Griſſel*, thou art rich he ſaid,
A vertuous, fair and comely Maid;
grant me thy Love, and I will ask no more.
At length ſhe conſented, and being both contented,
they married were with ſpeed:
Her Country Ruſſet, was turn'd to Silk and Velvet,
as to her State agreed:
And when that ſhe was trimly attired in the ſame,
her Beauty ſhin'd moſt bright:
For ſtaining every other brave and comely Dame,
that did appear in her Sight:
Many envied her therefore,
Becauſe ſhe was of Parents poor,
and 'twixt her Lord and her great ſtriſe did raiſe:
Some ſaid this, and ſome ſaid that;
Some did call her Beggar's Brat,
and to her Lord they would her oft diſpraiſe.
O noble Marquis, quoth they, why do you wrong us
thus baſely for to wed;
That might have got an honourable Lady,
into your Princely Bed:
Who will not now your noble Iſſue ſtill deride,
which ſhall be hereafter born;
Thrt are of Blood ſo baſe by the Mother's ſide,
the which will bring them to Scorn:
Put her therefore quite away,
Take to you a Lady gay,
whereby your Lineage may renowned be.
Thus every Day they ſeem'd to prate,
At malic'd *Griſſel*'s good Eſtate,
who took all this moſt mild and patiently.
When that the Marquis did ſee that they were bent
againſt his faithful Wife, [thus
Who moſt dearly, tenderly and intirely
he loved as his Life:
Minding in ſecret for to prove her patient heart,
thereby her Foes to diſgrace: Thinking

Thinking to play a hard diſcourteous part,
that Men might pity her Caſe:
Great with Child this Lady was,
And at length it came to paſs,
two lovely Children at one Birth ſhe had,
A Son and Daughter God had ſent,
Which did their Father well content, (glad.
and which did make their Mother's Heart full
Great Royal Feaſting were at the Childrens chriſt- [ning
and princely Triumph made,
Six Weeks together, all Nobles that came thither,
were entertain'd and ſtaid:
And when that theſe pleaſant Sportings quite were done,
the Marquis a Meſſenger ſent
For his young Daughter and his pretty ſmiling Son,
declaring his full Intent,
How that the Babes muſt murthered be,
For ſo the Marqueſs did decree.
Come let me have the Children, he ſaid.
With that fair *Griſſel* wept full ſore,
She wrung her Hands and ſaid no more,
My gracious Lord muſt have his Will obey'd.
She took the Babies from the Nurſing-Ladies,
between her tender Arms,
She often wiſhes, with many ſorrowful Kiſſes,
that ſhe might help their Harms:
Farewel, quoth ſhe, my Children dear,
never ſhall I ſee you again;
'Tis long of me, your ſad and woful mother dear,
for whoſe ſake you muſt be ſlain:
Had I been born of Royal Race,
You might have liv'd in happy caſe,
but now you muſt die for my Unworthineſs.
Come meſſenger of Death, quoth ſhe,
Take my deſpiſed Babes to thee,
and to their Father my Complaints expreſs.
He took the Children, and to his noble maſter
he brought them forth with ſpeed; Who

Who ſecretly ſent them unto a noble Lady
to be nurſt up indeed.
Then to fair *Griſſel* with a heavy Heart he goes,
where ſhe ſat mildly all alone,
A pleaſant Geſture and a lovely Look ſhe ſhows,
as if Grief ſhe had never known.
Quoth he, my Children now are ſlain,
What thinks fair *Griſſel* of the ſame?
ſweet *Griſſel* now declare thy mind to me.
Since you my Lord are pleas'd with it,
Poor *Griſſel* thinks the Action fit,
both I and mine at your Command will be.
The Nobles murmur, fair *Griſſel*, at thine honour,
and I no Joy can have,
'Till thou be baniſht from my Court and Preſence
as they unjuſtly crave.
Thou muſt be ſtript out of thy ſtately Garments,
and as thou cameſt to me,
In homely gray, inſtead of Silk and pureſt Pall,
now all thy Cloathing muſt be,
My Lady thou muſt be no more,
Nor I thy Lord, which grieves me ſore,
the pooreſt Life muſt now content thy mind.
A Groat to thee I may not give,
Thee to maintain while I do live,
'gainſt my *Griſſel* ſuch great Foes I find.
When gentle *Griſſel* heard theſe woful tidings,
the tears ſtood in her Eyes.
She nothing ſaid, no Words of Diſcontentment
did from her Lips ariſe.
Her Velvet Gown moſt patiently ſhe ſtript off,
her Girdle of Silk of the ſame: (ſcoff;
Her ruſſet Gown was brought again with many a
to bear them all herſelf did frame:
When ſhe was dreſt in this Array,
And ready was to part away.
God ſend long Life unto my Lord, quoth ſhe;
Let no Offence be found in this,
To give my Lord a parting Kiſs: with

with watry Eyes, Farewel. my Dear, quoth he.
From ſtately Palace unto her Father's Cottage,
poor *Griſſel* now is gone;
Full fifteen Winters ſhe lived there contented,
no Wrong ſhe thought upon;
And at that time thro' all the Land the Speeches went
the Marqueſs ſhould married be
Unto a noble Lady of high Deſcent,
and to the ſame all Parties did agree.
The Marqueſs ſent for *Griſſel* fair,
The Bride's Bed chamber to prepare,
that nothing ſhould therein be found awry;
The Bride was with her Brother come,
Which was great Joy to all and ſome;
and *Griſſel* took all this moſt patiently;
And in the morning when that they ſhould be wed-
her Patience now was try'd, [ded,
Griſſel was charged in princely manner
for to attire the Bride:
Moſt willingly ſhe gave conſent unto the ſame,
the Bride in her Bravery was dreſt,
And preſently the noble Marquis thither came,
with all the Ladies at his Requeſt.
Oh *Griſſel*! I would ask of thee,
If to this Match thou wouldſt agree?
methinks thy Looks are waxed wondrous coy.
With that they all began to ſmile,
And *Griſſel* ſhe replies the while,
God ſend Lord Marquis many Years of Joy.
The Marquis was moved, to ſee his beſt beloved
thus patient in Diſtreſs,
He ſtept unto her, and by the Hand he took her,
theſe Words he did expreſs, [have,
Thou art the Bride, and all the Brides I mean to
theſe two thy own Children be;
The youthful Lady on her Knees did bleſſing crave
the Brother as willing as ſhe:

And

And you that envy her Eſtate,
Whom I have made my loving Mate,
now bluſh for ſhame, and honour vertuous Life;
The Chronicles of laſting Fame,
Shall evermore extol the Name,
of Patient *Griſſel*, my moſt conſtant Wife.

III. *A Pleaſant Dialogue between Plain* Truth *and Blind* Ignorance.

Truth.] GOD ſpeed you ancient Father,
and give you a good Day,
What is the Cauſe, I pray you,
ſo ſadly here you ſtay?
And that you keep ſuch gazing,
on this decayed Place?
The which for Superſtition,
good Princes down did raze.
Ignorance.] Chill tell thee by my vazen,
that ſometimes che have known,
A vair and goodly Abbey,
ſtand here of Brick and Stone:
And many holy Urier,
as ich may ſay to thee,
Within theſe goodly Cloyſters,
che did full often zee.
Truth.] Then I muſt tell thee, Father,
in Truth and Verity,
A ſort of greater Hypocrites,
thou could'ſt not likely ſee:
Deceiving of the Simple,
with falſe and feigned Lies;
But ſuch an Order, truly,
Chriſt never did deviſe.
Ign.] Ah, ah, che zmell thee now Man,
che know well what thou art;
A Vellow of mean Learning,
che was not worth a vart:

Ver

Vor when we had the old Law,
a merry World was then,
And every thing was plenty,
among all ſorts of Men.
Truth.] Thou giveſt me an Anſwer,
as did the Jews ſometimes,
Unto the Prophet *Jeremy*,
when he accus'd their Crimes:
'Twas Mercy, ſaid the People,
and joyful in our Realm,
Which did offer Spice-cakes,
unto the Queen of Heaven.
Ign.] Chill tell thee what, Good-vellow,
before the Vicars went hence,
A Buſhel of the beſt Wheat
was zold for vourteen pence:
And vorty Eggs a penny,
that were both good and new;
And this zhe zay my zelf have zeen,
and yet itch am no Jew.
Truth.] Within the ſacred Bible,
we find it written plain,
The latter Days ſhould troubleſome
and dangerous be, certain;
That we ſhould be Self-Lovers,
and Charity wax cold;
Then 'tis not true Religion
that makes the Grief to hold.
Ign.] Chill tell thee my Opinion plain,
and chould that well ye knew,
Ich care not for the Bible Book,
'tis too big to be true:
Our bleſſed Lady's Pſalter,
zhall for my Money go;
Zuch pretty Prayers as there be,
the Bible cannot zhow.
Truth.] Now thou haſt ſpoken truly,
for in that Book indeed,

No mention of our Lady,
or Romiſh Saint we read:
For by the bleſſed Spirit
that Book indited was,
And not by ſimple Perſons,
as is the fooliſh Maſs.
Ign.] Cham zure they are not vooliſh,
that made the Maſs che trow;
Why Man? 'tis all in *Latin*,
and Vools no Latin know:
Were not our Fathers wiſe Men,
and they did like it well,
Who very much rejoyced
to hear the Zeering Bell? *ac/*
Truth.] But many Kings and Prophets,
as I may ſay to thee,
Have wiſht the Light that you have,
and could it never ſee:
For what art thou the better?
a Latin Song to hear,
And underſtandeth nothing,
that they ſing in the Choir?
Ign.] O hold thy Peace che pray thee,
the Noiſe was paſſing trim,
To hear the Uriers zinging,
as we did enter in:
And then to zee the Rood-loft
zo bravely zet with Zaints,
And now to zee them wandring,
my heart with zorrow vaints.
Truth.] The Lord did give Commandment
no Image thou ſhouldſt make,
Nor that unto Idolatry
you ſhould yourſelf betake:
The Golden Calf of *Iſrael*,
Moſes did therefore ſpoil,
And *Baal*'s Prieſts and Temple,
he brought to utter Foil. *Ign.*]

Ign.] But our Lady of *Walſingham*,
was a pure and holy Zaint,
And many Men in Pilgrimage,
did ſhew to her Complaint:
Yea, with zweet *Thomas Becket*,
and many other mo,
The holy Maid of *Kent* likewiſe,
did many Wonders zhow.
Truth.] Such Saints are well agreeing
to your Profeſſion ſure;
And to the Men that made them,
ſo precious and ſo pure:
The one was found a Traytor,
and judg'd worthy of Death;
The other eke for Treaſon,
did end his hateful Breath.
Ign.] Yea, yea, it is no matter,
diſpraiſe them how you will;
But zure they did much Goodneſs,
would they were with us ſtill:
We had our holy Water,
and holy Bread likewiſe,
And many holy Reliques,
we zaw before our Eyes.
Truth.] And all this while they fed you
with vain and ſundry Shows,
Which never Chriſt commanded,
as learned Doctors knows;
Search then the holy Scriptures,
and you ſhall plainly ſee
That headlong to Damnation,
they always trained thee.
Ign.] If it be true, Good-vellow,
as thou doſt zay to me;
Then to my Zaviour Jeſus, *Unto my heavenly Fa*
alone then will I flee:
Believing in the Goſpel,
and Paſſion of his Zon,

And with the subtil Papists,
ich have for ever done.

IV. *The Overthrow of proud* Holofernes, *and the Triumph of vertuous Queen* Judith.

WHEN King *Nebuchadnezzar*
was puffed up with Pride,
He sent forth many Men of War
by *Holofornes* Guide;
To plague and spoil the World throughout
by fierce *Bellona's* Rod,
That would not fear and honour him,
and acknowledge him their God.
Which when the holy Israelites
did truly understand,
For to prevent this Tyranny,
they fortified their Land:
Their Towns and stately Cities strong
they did with Victuals store;
Their warlike Weapons they prepar'd
their furious Foe to gore.
When stately *Holofernes* then
had knowledge of that thing,
That they had thus prepar'd themselves
for to withstand the King;
Quoth he, What God is able now
to keep these Men from me?
Is there a Greater than our King,
whom all Men fear to see?
Come, march with me, therefore, he said,
my Captains every one;
And first unto *Bethulia*
with speed let us be gone:
I will destroy each Mother's Son,
that is within the Land,
Their God shall not deliver them
out of my furious hand,

Where-

Wherefore about *Bethulia*,
that little City then,
On Foot he planted up and down
an hundred thouſand Men;
Twelve thouſand more on Horſes brave,
about the Town had he:
He ſtopt their Springs and Water-pipes,
to work their Miſery.
When four and thirty Days they had
with Wars beſieged been,
The poor Bethulians at that time,
ſo thirſty then were ſeen,
That they were like to ſtarve and dye,
they were both weak and faint;
The People 'gainſt the Rulers cry,
and this was their Complaint:
Better it is for us, quoth they,
to yield unto our Foe,
Than by this great and grievous Thirſt,
to be deſtroyed ſo:
O render up the Town therefore,
we are forſaken quite;
There is no means to eſcape their Hands,
who might eſcape their might?
Whenas their grieved Rulers heard
the Clamours which they made,
Good People be content, ſaid they,
and be no whit diſmay'd;
Yet five Days ſtay in hope of Health,
God will reward your Woe:
But if by then no Succour come,
we'll yield unto our Foe.
When *Judith*, prudent, princely Dame,
had Tydings of this thing,
Which was *Manaſſes*'s beauteous Wife,
that ſometime was their King,
Why tempt ye God ſo ſore, ſhe ſaid,
before all Men this Day.

Whom mortal Men in Conſcience ought
to fear and eke obey ?
If you will grant me leave, quoth ſhe,
to paſs abroad this Night,
To *Holofernes* I will go,
for all his furious Might:
But what I do intend to do,
enquire not now of me:
Go then in Peace, fair Dame, they ſaid,
and God be ſtill with thee.
When ſhe from them was gotten home,
within her Palace-gate,
She called to her chiefeſt Maid,
that on her then did wait:
Bring me my beſt Attire, quoth ſhe,
and Jewels of fine Gold;
And waſh me with the fineſt Balms,
that are for Silver ſold.
The faireſt and the richeſt Robe,
that then ſhe did poſſeſs,
Upon her dainty Corpſe ſhe put,
and eke her Hair did dreſs
With coſtly Pearls, and precious Stones,
and Ear-rings of fine Gold;
That like an Angel ſhe did ſeem,
moſt ſweet for to behold:
A Pot of ſweet and pleaſant Oil,
ſhe took with her that time,
A Bag of Figs, and fine Wheat-flower,
a Bottle of fine Wine;
Becauſe ſhe would not eat with them,
that worſhip Gods of Stone;
And from her City thus ſhe went,
with one poor Maid alone.
Much ground, alas, ſhe had not gone,
out of her own City;
But that the Centinels eſpy'd
a Woman wondrous pritty:

From

From whence came you, fair Maid, quoth they,
and where walk you ſo late?
From yonder Town, good Sirs, quoth ſhe,
unto your Lord of high Eſtate.
When they did mark and view her well,
and ſaw her fair Beauty;
And therewithal her rich Array,
ſo gorgeous to the Eye:
They were amazed in their Minds,
ſo fair a Dame to ſee,
They ſet her in a Chariot then,
in Place of high Degree:
An hundred proper choſen Men,
they did appoint likewiſe,
To wait on princely *Judith* there,
whoſe Beauty clear'd their Eyes:
And all the Soldiers running came,
to view her as ſhe went;
And thus with her they paſt along,
unto the General's Tent.
Then came his ſtately Guard in haſte,
fair *Judith* for to meet;
And to their high, renowned Lord,
they brought this Lady ſweet:
And then before his Honour,
upon her Knee ſhe fell,
Her Beauty bright made him to muſe,
ſo far ſhe did excell.
Riſe up, renowned Dame, quoth he,
the Glory of thy Kind,
And be no whit amaz'd at all,
to ſhew to me thy Mind.
When ſhe had uttered her Intent,
her Wit amaz'd them all,
And *Holofernes* therewith,
by Love was brought to Thrall:
And bearing in his lofty Breaſt
the Flames of hot Deſire,

He granted every thing to her,
she did of him require:
Each Night therefore he gave her leave
to walk abroad to pray,
According to her own Requeſt,
which ſhe had made that Day.
When ſhe in Camp had three Days been
near *Holofernes* Tent,
His chiefeſt Friend, Lord Treaſurer,
unto her then he ſent:
Fair Dame, quoth he, my Lord commands
this Night your Company.
Quoth ſhe, I will not my dear Lord
in any thing deny.
A very great and ſumptuous Feaſt
did *Holofernes* make,
Amongſt the Lords and Knights,
and all for *Judith*'s ſake:
But of their Dainties in no caſe
would pleaſant *Judith* taſte:
Yet *Holofernes* merry was,
ſo near him ſhe was plac'd.
And being very pleaſantly
diſpoſed at that Time,
He drunk with them abundantly
of ſtrong delicious Wine:
So that his ſtrength and Memory,
ſo far from him was fled,
They laid him down, and *Judith* then
was brought unto his Bed,
When all the Doors about were ſhut,
and every one was gone,
Hard by the Pillow of his Bed,
his Sword ſhe 'ſpy'd anon:
Then down ſhe took it preſently;
to God for Strength ſhe pray'd,
She cut his Head from Shoulders quite,
and gave it to her Maid.

The rich and golden Canopy,
that hung over his Bed,
She took the ſame with her likewiſe,
with *Holofernes* Head:
And thus thro' all the Court of Guards
ſhe eſcap'd clean away,
None did her ſtay, thinking that ſhe
had gone forth to pray.
When ſhe had paſt, eſcaped quite
the Danger of them all,
And that ſhe was come near unto
the beſieged City's Wall:
Come, open me the Gates, quoth ſhe,
our Foe the Lord hath ſlain,
See here his Head within my hand,
that bore ſo great a Fame.
Upon a Pole they pitcht his Head,
that all Men might it 'ſpy,
And o'er the City-wall forthwith,
they ſet it preſently:
Then all the Soldiers in the Town
march'd forth in rich Array,
But ſoon their Foes 'ſpy'd their Approach,
for 'twas at break of Day.
Then running haſtily to call
their General out of Bed,
They found his lifeleſs Body there,
but clean without his Head:
When this was known, all in amaze,
they fled away each Man,
They left their Tents full rich behind,
and ſo away they ran.
Lo here, behold how God provides
for them that in him truſt,
When earthly Hopes are all in vain,
he takes us from the Duſt:
How often hath our *Judith* ſav'd
and kept us from Decay,

Gain

'Gainſt *Holofernes* and the Pope,
as may be ſeen this Day?

V. *A Princely Ditty, in Praiſe of the Engliſh Roſe, Tranſlated out of the French.*

AMongſt the Princely Paragons,
Bedeckt with dainty Diamonds,
Within mine Eye, none doth come nigh
the ſweet Red Roſe of *England*;
The Lilies paſs in Bravery,
In *Flanders*, *Spain*, and *Italy*,
But yet the famous Flower of *France*,
doth honour the Roſe of *England*.
As I abroad was walking,
I heard the ſmall Birds talking:
And every one did frame her Song,
in Praiſe of the Roſe of *England*;
The Lilies, *&c.*
Cæſar may vaunt of Victories,
And *Cræſus* of his Happineſs,
But he were bleſt, that may bear in his Breaſt,
the ſweet red Roſe of *England*;
The Lillies, *&c.*
The braveſt Lute bring hither,
And let us ſing together,
Whilſt I do ring, on every String,
the Praiſe of the Roſe of *England*;
The Lillies, *&c.*
The ſweeteſt Perfumes and Spices,
The Wiſe Men brought to JESUS,
Did never ſmell a quarter ſo well,
as doth the Roſe of *England*;
The Lillies, *&c.*
Then fair and princely Flower,
That ever my Heart doth Power,
None may be compared to thee,
which art the fair Roſe of *England*;
The Lillies, *&c.*

VI. *A Communication between* Fancy *and* Deſire.

COme hither Shepherd's Swain.
Sir, What do you require?
I pray thee ſhew thy Name?
My Name is Fond Deſire.
When waſt thou born, Deſire?
In Pomp and Pride of *May*.
By whom, ſweet Child, waſt thou begot?
Of fond Conceit, Men ſay.
Tell me, Who was thy Nurſe?
Sweet Youth, and ſugred Joys.
What was thy Meat and dainty Food?
Sad Sighs and great Annoys.
What hadſt thou for to drink?
Unſavoury Lovers Tears.
What Cradle was thou rocked in?
In Love devoid of Fears.
What lull'd thee then aſleep?
Sweet Speech, which likes me beſt.
Tell me where is thy Dwelling-Place?
In gentle Hearts I reſt.
What thing doth pleaſe thee moſt?
To gaze on Beauty ſtill.
Whom doſt thou think to be thy Foe?
Diſdain of my Good-will.
Doth Company diſpleaſe?
Yea ſure, many one.
Where doth Deſire delight to live?
He loves to live alone.
Doth either Time or Age
bring him to Decay?
No, no, Deſires both lives and dies
ten thouſand times a Day.
Then fond Deſire, farewel,
thou art no Meat for me;
I ſhould loth to dwell
with ſuch a one as thee.

The End of the SECOND PART.

THE GARLAND of GOOD-WILL.

The Third Part.

I. *A Maid's Choice betwixt* Age *and* Youth.

CRabbed Age and Youth
cannot live together;
Youth is full of Pleaſure,
Age is full of Care:
Youth's like Summer's Morn,
Age like Winter's Weather;
Youth is full of Sport,
Age's Breath is ſhort,
Youth is wild, and Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:
Age I do abhor thee,
Youth I do adore thee.
O my Love, my Lord is young;
Age I do defie thee,
O ſweet Shepherd hye thee,
for methinks thou ſtayeſt too long.
Here I do attend,
arm'd by Love and Pleaſure:
With my youthful Friend,
joyful for to meet:
Here I do wait,
for my only Treaſure,
Venus ſugared Habit,
Fancy dainty ſweet:
Like a loving Wife,
So I lead my Life, thirſting

thirſting for my heart's Deſire
Come ſweet Youth, I pray,
Away old Man, away,
thou can'ſt not give, what I require;
For old Age I care not,
Come my Love and ſpare not.
Age is feeble, Youth is ſtrong;
Age I do defie thee,
O ſweet Shepherd hye thee,
for methinks thou ſtay'ſt too long.
Phœbus ſtay thy Steeds
over-ſwift running;
Drive not on ſo faſt,
bright reſplendent Sun:
For fair *Daphne*'s ſake,
now expreſs thy Cunning;
Pity on me take,
elſe I am undone;
Your Hours ſwift of Flight,
That wake with *Titan*'s ſight,
and ſo conſume the chearful Day:
O ſtay a while with me,
Till I my Love may ſee;
O Youth thou doſt ſo long delay:
Time will over-ſlip us,
And in Pleaſure trip us,
Come away therefore with ſpeed:
I would not loſe an Hour,
For fair *London*'s Tower,
Venus therefore help my need.
Flora's Banks are ſpread,
in their rich Attire,
With their dainty Violet,
and the Primroſe ſweet:
Daffies white and red,
ſitting Youth's Deſire,
Whereby the Daffadilly,
and the Cowſlip meet;

All

All for Youth's behove,
Their freſh Colours move,
in the Meadows green and gay;
The Birds with ſweeter Notes,
So ſtrain their pretty Throats,
to entertain my Love this Way.
I wiſh twenty Wiſhes,
And an hundred Kiſſes,
would receive him by the Hand;
If he give not me a Fall,
I would him Coward call,
and all unto my Word would ſtand.
Lo, here he appears,
like young *Adonis*,
Ready to ſet on Fire,
the chaſteſt Heart alive;
Jewel of my Life,
welcome where thine own is,
Pleaſant are thy Looks,
Sorrows to deprive;
Embracing thy darling Dear,
Without all doubtful Fear;
on thy command I wholly reſt,
Do what thou wilt to me,
Therein I agree,
and be not ſtrange to my requeſt:
To Youth I only yield,
Age fits not *Venus* Field,
tho' I be conquer'd, what care I;
In ſuch a pleaſant War,
Come meet me if you dare,
who firſt miſlikes, let them cry.

II. *Song.*

AS you came from the Holy Land of *Walſingham*,
Met you not with my true Love,
by the way as you came.

How

How ſhould I know your true Love,
that have met many a one,
As I came from the Holy Land,
that have come, that have gone?
She is neither white nor brown,
but as the Heavens fair;
There is none hath a Form ſo divine,
on the Earth, in the Air.
Such a one did I meet (good Sir)
with Angel like Face,
Who like a Queun did appear,
in her Gate, in her Grace.
She hath left me here all alone,
all alone and unknown,
Who ſometimes lov'd me as her Life,
and call'd me her own.
What's the cauſe he hath left thee alone,
and a new way doth take,
That ſometimes did love thee as her Life,
and her Joy did thee make?
I lov'd her all my Youth,
but now am old as you ſee,
Love liketh not the fallen Fruit,
nor the withered Tree:
For Love is a careleſs Child,
and forgets promiſe paſt;
He is blind, he is deaf, when he liſt,
and in Faith never faſt.
For Love is a great Delight,
and yet a truſtleſs Joy,
He is won with a Word of Deſpair,
and is loſt with a Toy;
Such is the Love of Womankind;
or the Word (Love) abuſed,
Under which many childiſh Deſires,
and Conceits are excuſed.
But Love is a durable Fire,
in the Mind ever burning; Never

Never ſick, never dead, never cold,
from it ſelf never turning.

III. *An excellent Song on the Winning of* Cales *by the Engliſh.*

LOng had the proud Spaniard
advanced to conquer us,
Threatning our Country
with Fire and Sword:
Often preparing
their Navy moſt ſumptuous,
With all the Proviſion
that *Spain* could afford:
Dub, a-dub, dub,
thus ſtrike the Drums,
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
Engliſh Men comes.
To the Seas preſently
went our Lord Admiral,
With Knights couragious,
and Captains full good;
The Earl of *Eſſex*,
a proſperous General,
With him prepared
to paſs the Salt Flood:
Dub, a-dub, *&c.*
At *Plimouth* ſpeedily
took they Ships valiantly,
Braver Ships never
were ſeen under ſail:
With their fair Colours ſpread;
and Streamers o'er their Head.
Now bragging Spaniards,
take heed of your tail;
Dub, a-dub, *&c.*
Unto *Cales* cunningly,
came we moſt happily.
Where the King's Navy
did ſecrety ride,
Being upon their Bnaks,
piercing their Buts of Sack,
E'er that the Spaniard
our coming deſcry'd;

Tan-

Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
English Men comes;
Bounce, a-bounce, bounce a-bounce,
off went the Guns.
Great was the crying,
running and riding,
Which at that Season
was made at that Place:
Then Beacons were fired,
as need was required;
To hide their great Treasure,
they had little space:
Alas, they cryed,
English Men comes.
There you might see the Ships,
how they were fired fast,
And how the Men drowned
themselves in the Sea:
That you might here them cry,
wail and weep piteously,
When as they saw no Shift
to escape thence away:
Dub a-dub, &c.
The great Saint *Philip*,
the Pride of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the Bottom,
and sunk into the Sea:
But the Saint *Andrew*,
and eke the Saint *Matthew*,
We took in Fight manfully.
and brought them away:
Dub a-dub, &c.
The Earl of *Essex*,
most valiant and hardy,
With Horse-men and Foot-men
march'd towards the Town:
The Enemies which saw them,
full greatly affrighted,
Did fly for their safeguard,
and durst not come down:
Dub a-dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble Earl,
Courage my Soldiers all,
Fight and be valiant,
the Spoil you ſhall have:
And well rewarded all,
from the Great to the Small;
But look that the Women
and Children you ſave,
Dub, a-dub, &c.
The Spaniards at that Sight,
ſaw 'twas in vain to fight,
Hang up their Flags of Truce,
yielding up the Town:
We march'd in preſently,
decking the Walls on high,
With our Engliſh Colours,
which purchaſed Renown:
Dub, a-dub, &c.
Entring the Houſes then
of the richeſt Men,
For Gold and Treaſure
we ſearched each Day:
In ſome Places we did find
Pye baking in the Oven,
Meat at the Fire roaſting,
and Men ran away,
Dub, a-dub, &c.
Full of rich Merchandize,
every Shop we did ſee,
Damask and Sattins
and Velvet full fair;
Which Soldiers meaſure out
by the Length of their Swords,
Of all Commodities,
and each one hath a Share:
Dub, a dub, &c.
Thus *Cales* was taken,
and our brave General
March'd to the Market-place,
there he did ſtand;
There many Priſoners
of good Account were took,

Many crav'd Mercy,
and Mercy they found,
Dub, a-dub, &c.
When as our General
saw they delay'd time,
And would not ranſom
the Town as they ſaid,
With their fair Waiſcots,
their Preſſes and Bedſteads,
Their Joint-Stools and Tables,
a Fire we made;
And when the Town burnt in a Flame,
With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra-rara,
from thence we came.

IV. Teague *and* Sawney: or *The Unfortunate Succeſs of a Dear Joy's Devotion. Tune of* Lilli burlero.

YOU that love Mirth g've ear to my Song,
a Moment you never can better employ:
Sawney and *Teague* were marching along,
a bonny Scotch Loon, and an Iriſh Dear Joy:
They had never ſeen a Wind-mill,
nor had they heard of any ſuch Name;
As they were walking, and merri y talking,
at laſt by geud chance to a Wind-mill they came,
Hah! ſays *Sawney*, what do you call that?
to tell it's geud Name I am at a loſs.
Teague very readily anſwer'd the Scot,
Indeed I believe it's St. *Patrick*'s Croſs.
Sir, ſaid *Sawney*, you are miſtaken,
for it's St. *Andrew*'s Coſs I will ſwear,
There is his Bonnet, and Garment hangs on it,
the muckle geud Saint did in *Edenborough* wear.
Nay, by my Shoul, thou telleſt all Lees,
for dat I will ſwear is St. *Patrick*'s Coat:
I ſee him in *Ireland* buying the Friez-,
and dat is the ſame St. *Patrick* bought:
He's a better Saint than ever
hungry *Scotland* e'er did breed:
By my Shalvation, he was my Relation,
and had a great Kindneſs for honeſt poor *Teague*.

Therefore, ſays *Teague*, I will, by my Shoul,
now lay down my Arms and pluck out my Beads,
Under this geud holy Croſs will I fall
and ſay *Pater Noſter* and ſome of our Creeds:
Teague began with great Devotion
for to adore St. *Patrick*'s Croſs:
The Wind ſet a blowing, and turn'd the Sails going,
and gave my Dear Joy, a terrible toſs.
Sawny laught to ſee how poor *Teague*
lay ſcratching his Ears on the top of the Graſs,
Swearing 'fore George, 'twas the De'el's Whirlegig,
and none he was ſure, of St. *Patrick*'s Croſs.
Teague cry'd out in a mighty Paſſion,
Ah! by my Shoul I am very much ſore:
By my Shalvaſhion, this ſhall be a Caution,
to truſt to St. *Patrick*'s Kindneſs no more.
Sawney to *Teague* then ſcoffingly cry'd,
St. *Patrick* was but a very ſad Loon,
To hit you ſuch a ſore bang on the hide,
for kneeling before him, and asking a Boon:
Prithee *Teague* ſerve geud St. *Andrew*,
he by my Shoul was a muckle geud Man:
Since your St. *Patrick* has ſerv'd you ſuch a Trick,
I'd ſee the De'el take him, e'er truſt him again.

V. *Of King* Edward *the Third, and the fair Counteſs of* Salisbury, *ſetting forth her Conſtancy and endleſs Glory.*

WHen as *Edward* the Third did live,
that valiant King,
David of *Scotland* to rebel
did then begin:
The Town of *Barwick* ſuddenly
from us he won,
And burnt *Newcaſtle* to the Ground,
thus Strife began:
To *Roxbury* caſtle marcht he then,
And by the force of warlike Men,
beſieg'd therein a gallant fair Lady,
While that her Husband was in *France*,
His Country's Honour to advance,
the noble and famous Earl of *Salisbury*,

Brave

Brave Sir *William Montague*,
rode then in haſte,
Who declared unto the King,
the Scottiſh Men's boaſt:
Who like a Lyon in his Rage,
did ſtraitway prepare,
For to deliver that fair Lady
from woful Care:
But when the Scottiſh Men did hear her ſay,
Edward our King was come that day,
They rais'd their Siege, and ran away with ſpeed;
So when that he did thither come,
With warlike Trumpet, Fife and Drum,
none but a gallant Lady did he meet,
Who when he did with greedy Eyes
behold and ſee,
Her peerleſs Beauty inthrall'd
his Majeſty:
And ever the longer that he lookt,
the more he might;
For in her only Beauty was
his Heart's Delight.
And humbly then upon her Knee,
She thank'd his Royal Majeſty
that he had driven Danger from her Gate.
Lady, quoth he, ſtand up in Peace,
Although my War doth now increaſe.
Lord keep (qd. ſhe) all hurt from your State,
Now is the King full ſad in Soul,
and wots not why,
And for the Love of the fair Counteſs
of *Salisbury*.
She little knowing his cauſe of his Grief,
did come to ſee,
Wherefore his Highneſs ſat alone
ſo heavily;
I have been wrong'd, fair Dame, quoth he,
Since I came hither unto thee:
No, God forbid, my Sovereign, ſhe ſaid,
If I were worthy for to know
The Cauſe and Ground of this your Woe,
you ſhould be helpt, if it did lie in me.

Swear to perform thy Word to me,
thou Lady gay,
To thee the Sorrows of my Heart
I will bewray.
I swear by all the Saints in Heaven,
I will (quoth she,)
And let my Lord have no mistrust
at all in me.
Then take thy self aside, he said,
For why, thy Beauty hath betray'd;
wounding a King with thy bright shining Eye,
If thou do then some Mercy show,
Thou shalt expel a princely Woe,
so shall I live, or else in Sorrow die.
You have your Wish, my Soveraign Lord,
effectually;
Take all the leave that I can give
your Majesty.
But on thy Beauty all my Joys
have their abode.
Take thou my Beauty from my Face,
my gracious Lord.
Did'st thou not swear to grant my Will?
that I may, I will fulfil.
All then for my Love, let my true Love be seen.
My Lord your Speech I might reprove,
You cannot give to me your Love,
for that belongs unto your Queen.
But I suppose your Grace did this
only to try,
Whether a wanton Tale might tempt
Dame *Salisbury*.
Not from your self therefore, my Liege,
my steps do stray;
But from your wanton tempting Tale,
I go my way.
O turn again, my Lady bright!
Come unto me my Heart's Delight!
gone is the Comfort of my pensive Heart:
Here comes the Earl of *Warwick*, he
The Father of this fair Lady,
my Mind to him I mean for to impart.

Why

Why is my Lord and Sovereign King,
so grieved in mind?
Becauſe that I have loſt the Thing
I cannot find.
What Thing is that, my gracious Lord,
which you have loſt?
It is my Heart, which is near dead,
betwixt Fire and Froſt.
Curſt be that Fire and Froſt too,
that cauſed this your Highneſs Woe.
O, *Warwick*! thou doſt wrong me very ſore,
it is thy Daughter, noble Earl,
That Heaven-bright Lamp, that pearleſs Pearl,
which kills my Heart, yet do I her adore.
If that be all, (my gracious King)
that works your Grief,
I will perſwade the ſcornful Dame
to yield Relief;
Never ſhall ſhe my Daughter be,
If ſhe refuſe;
The Love and Favour of a King,
may her excuſe:
Thus wiſe *Warwick* went away,
And quite contrary he did ſay,
When as he did the beauteous Counteſs meet,
Well met, my Daughter, (quoth he)
A Meſſage I muſt do to thee,
Our Royal King moſt kindly doth thee greet,
The King will die, leſt thou to him
do grant thy Love.
To love, my Husband's Love
I would remove.
It is right Charity to love
my Daughter dear,
But no true Love ſo charitable
for to appear:
His Greatneſs may bear out the Shame,
But his Kingdom cannot buy out the Blame;
he craves thy Love, that may bereave thy Life:
It is my Duty to move this,
But not thy Honeſty to yield, I wis,
I mean to die a true unſpotted Wife.

Now haſt thou ſpoken, my Daughter dear,
as I would have;
Chaſtity bears a Golden Name
unto the Grave:
And when to thy wedded Lord
thou proveſt untrue,
Then let my bitter Curſes ſtill
thy Soul purſue:
Then with a ſmiling Chear go thou,
As Right and Reaſon doth allow,
yet ſhew the King thou bareſt no Strumpet's Mind,
I go, dear Father, with a Trice,
And by a Slight of fine Device,
I'll cauſe the King confeſs that I'm not unkind.
Here comes the Lady of my Life,
the King did ſay;
My Father bids me, Sovereign Lord,
your Will obey
And I conſent, if you will grant
one Boon to me?
I grant it thee, my Lady fair,
whate'er it be:
My Husband is alive you know,
Firſt let me kill him e'er I go,
and at your Command I will ever be.
Thy Husband now in *France* doth reſt.
No, no, he lies within my Breaſt,
and being ſo nigh, he will my Falſhood ſee.
With that ſhe ſtarted from the King,
and took her Knife,
And deſperately ſhe thought to rid
her ſelf of Life.
The King, he ſtarted from the Chair,
her Hand to ſtay:
O noble King, you have broke your Word
with me this Day.
Thou ſhalt not do this Deed, quoth he,
Then never I will lie with thee;
No, then live ſtill, and let me bear the Blame,
Live in Honour and high Eſtate,
With thy true Lord and wedded Mate,
I never will attempt this Suit again.

WILL you hear a Spaniſh Lady,
how ſhe woo'd an Engliſh Man,
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
deck'd with Jewels had ſhe on:
Of a comely Countenance,
and Grace was ſhe;
And by Birth and Parentage
of high degree.
As his Priſoner there he kept her,
in his Hands her Life did lie;
Cupid's Bands did tie her faſter,
by the liking of her Eye:
In his courteous Company,
was all her Joy,
To favour him in any thing,
ſhe was not coy.
At laſt there came Commandment,
for to ſet the Ladies free:
With their Jewels ſtill adorned,
none to do them Injury.
Alas, then ſaid the Lady gay,
full woe is me!
O let me ſtill ſuſtain this kind
Captivity.
O gallant Captain, ſhew ſome Pity
to a Lady in Diſtreſs,
Leave me not within the City
for to die in Heavineſs:
Thou haſt ſet this preſent Day
my Body free,
But my Heart in Priſon ſtrong
remains with thee.
How ſhould'ſt thou (fair Lady) love me,
whom thou know'ſt thy Country's Foe?
Thy fair Words make me ſuſpect thee,
Serpents are where Flowers grow.
All the Evil I think to thee,
moſt gracious Knight,

God

God grant unto my ſelf the ſame
may fully light.
Bleſſed be the Time and Seaſon,
that you came on the Spaniſh-Ground:
If you may our Foes be termed,
gentle Foes we have found:
With our Cities you have won
our Hearts each one:
Then to your Country bear away
that is your own.
Reſt you ſtill (moſt gallant Lady)
reſt you ſtill and weep no more.
Of fair Lovers there are Plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous Store.
Spaniards fraught with Jealouſie
we often find:
But Engliſh Men throughout the World,
are counted kind.
Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
you alone enjoy my Heart,
I am lovely, young and tender,
and ſo is my Deſert:
Still to ſerve thee Day and Night
my Mind is preſt;
The Wife of every Engliſh Man
is counted bleſt.
It would be a Shame, fair Lady,
for to bear a Woman hence,
Engliſh Soldiers never carry
any ſuch without Offence:
I will quickly change my ſelf,
if it be ſo,
And like a Page I'll follow thee,
where e'er you go.
I have neither Gold nor Silver
to maintain thee in this Caſe,
And to travel, 'tis great Charges,
as you know in every Place
My Chains and Jewels every one,
ſhall be thine own;
And eke five hundred Pounds in Gold,
that lies unknown.

On

On the Seas are many Dangers,
many Storms do there ariſe;
VVhich will be to Ladies dreadful,
and force Tears from watry Eyes.
VVell in worth, I could endure
Extremity;
For I could find in Heart to loſe
my Life for thee.
Courteous Lady, be contented,
here comes all that breeds the Strife;
I in *England* have already
a ſweet Woman to my Wife:
I will not falſifie my Vow
for Gold or Gain,
Nor yet for all the faireſt Dames
that live in *Spain*.
Oh how happy is that Woman
that enjoys ſo true a Friend,
Many Days of Joy God ſend you.
and of my Suit I'll make an end:
Upon my Knees I pardon crave
for this Offence,
Which Love and true Affection
did firſt commence.
Commend me to thy loving Lady,
bear to her this Chain of Gold,
And theſe Bracelets for a Token,
grieving that I was ſo bold.
All my Jewels in like ſort,
bear thou with thee,
For theſe are fitting for thy Wife,
and not for me.
I will ſpend my Days in Prayer,
Love and all her Laws deſie;
In a Nunnery will I ſhrowd me,
far from other Company:
But e'er my Prayers have an end,
be ſure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy Love,
I will not miſs.

Thus

Thus farewel, moſt gentle Captain,
and farewel my Heart's Content;
Count not Spaniſh Ladies wanton,
though to thee my Love was bent:
Joy and true Proſperity,
go ſtill with thee;
The like fall ever to thy Share,
moſt fair Lady.

A Farewell to LOVE.

FArewel falſe Love, the Oracle of Lies,
a mortal Foe, an Enemy to Reſt:
An envious Boy, from whence great Cares ariſe,
a Baſtard vile, a Beaſt with Age poſſeſt:
A Way for Error, a Tempeſt full of Treaſon.
In all Reſpect contrary unto Reaſon.
A poiſon'd Serpent cover'd all with Flowers,
Mother of Sighs, and Murtherers Repoſe,
A Sea of Sorrows, whence run all ſuch Showers
as Moiſture gives to every Grief that grows;
A School of Guile, a Neſt of deep Deceit,
A golden Hook that holds a poiſon'd Bait:
A Fortreſs fled, whom Reaſon did defend,
a Syren's Song, a Server of the Mind;
A Maze wherein Affections find no end,
a running Cloud that runs before the Wind;
A Subſtance like the Shadow of the Sun,
A Goal of Grief, for which the wiſeſt run:
A quenchleſs Fire, a Reſt of trembling Fear,
a Path that leads to Peril and Miſhap,
A true Retreat of Sorrow and Deſpair,
an idle Boy that ſleeps in Pleaſure's Lap:
A deep Miſtruſt of that which certain ſeems,
A Hope of that which Reaſon doubtful deems.
Then ſince thy Reign my younger Years betray'd,
and for my Faith Ingratitude I find;
And ſuch Repentance hath the Wrong bewray'd,
whoſe crooked Cauſe hath not been after Kind;
Falſe Love go back, and Beauty frail, adieu,
Dead is the Root from which ſuch Fancies grew.

The

The Lover by his Gifts thinks to conquer Chastity
And with his Gifts sends these Verses to his Lady.

WHat Face so fair that is not crackt with Gold?
What Wit so worth, that han't in Gold its (wonder?
What Learning but with golden Lines doth hold?
What State so high, but Gold cou'd bring it under?
What thought so sweet, but Gold doth better season
And what Rule better than the golden Reason?
The Ground was fat that yields the golden Fruit,
The Study high that sets the golden State:
The Labour sweet that gets the golden Suit,
The Reckoning rich, that scorns the golden Race:
The Love is sure that golden Hope doth hold.
And rich again, that serves the God of Gold.

The Woman's ANSWER.

FOUL is the Face whose Beauty Gold can raft
Worthless the Wit that hath Gold in her wonder
Unlearned Lines puts Gold in Honour's Place,
Wicked the State that will to Coin come under.
Bad the Conceit that season'd is with Gold,
And Beggar's Rule that such a Reason hold.
Earth gives the Gold, but Heaven gives greater Grace
Men study Wealth, but Angels Wisdom raise.
Labour seeks Peace, Love hath an higher Place,
Death makes the Reck'ning, Life is all my Race,
Thy Hope is here, my Hope of Heaven doth hold,
God give me Grace, let *Dives* die with Gold.

FINIS.